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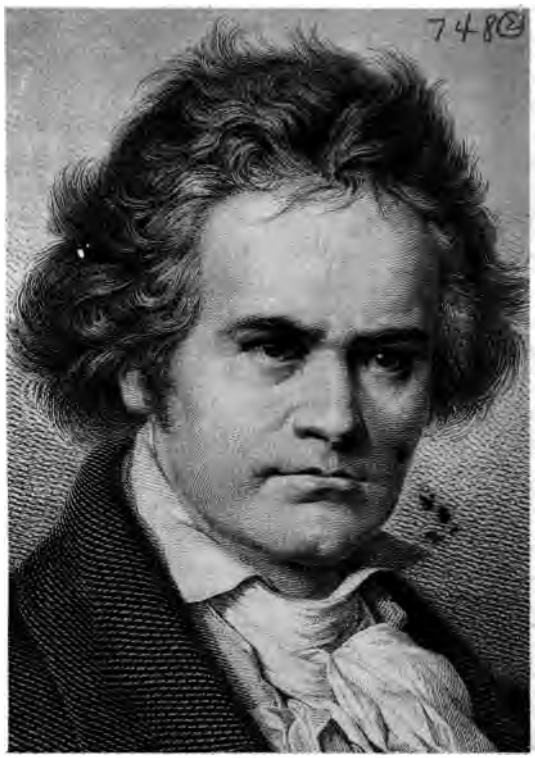
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THE

MAY FLOWER,

FOR

M DCCC XLVI.

EDITED BY

ROBERT HAMILTON.

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PREFACE.

In publishing The May Flower, it has been the aim of the proprietors to produce a work, not appropriated to any particular sect or principles, but one suited to the general taste of the community: at the same time they beg to disclaim all intention of intruding upon the province of any Annual that has heretofore existed in Boston.

A great portion of the contents is original, and that which is not, the editor has selected from the most popular periodicals and other sources, little known to the American public; but which he opines will prove more acceptable than a boasted array of en-

tirely original articles, of only mediocre composition.

The plates are from the burin of one of our country's best engravers, and no expense has been spared in every other department of the work to render it an apposite and beautiful token of presentation.

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THE

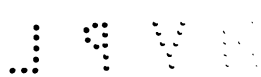
MAY FLOWER.

THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In the consideration of the faculties and impulses of the *prima mobilia* of the human soul, the phrenologists have failed to make room for a propensity, which, although obviously existing as a radical, primitive, irreducible sentiment, has been equally overlooked by all the moralists who have preceded them. In the pure arrogance of the reason, we have all overlooked it. We have suffered its existence to escape our senses, solely through want of belief — of faith; — whether it be faith in Revelation, or faith in the Kabbala. The idea of it has never occurred to us, simply because of its seeming supererogation. We saw no *need* of the impulse — for the propensity. We

could not perceive its necessity. We could not understand, that is to say, we could not have understood, had the notion of this *primum mobile* ever obtruded itself; — we could not have understood in what manner it might be made to further the objects of humanity, either temporal or eternal. It cannot be denied that phrenology, and in great measure, all metaphysicianism, have been concocted *à priori*. The intellectual or logical man, rather than the understanding or observant man, set himself to imagine designs — to dictate purposes to God. Having thus fathomed to his satisfaction, the intentions of Jehovah, out of these intentions he built his innumerable systems of mind. In the matter of phrenology, for example, we first determined, naturally enough, that it was the design of the Deity that man should eat. We then assigned to man an organ of alimentiveness, and this organ is the scourge with which the Deity compels man, will-I nill-I, into eating. Secondly, having settled it to be God's will that man should continue his species, we discovered an organ of amativeness, forthwith. And so with combativeness, with ideality, with causality, with constructiveness, — so, in short, with every organ, whether representing a propensity, a moral sentiment, or a faculty of the pure intellect. And in these arrangements of the



principia of human action, the Spurzheimites, whether right or wrong, in part, or upon the whole, have but followed, in principle, the footsteps of their predecessors; deducing and establishing everything from the preconceived destiny of man, and upon the ground of the objects of his Creator.

It would have been wiser, it would have been safer to classify, (if classify we must,) upon the basis of what man usually or occasionally did, and was always occasionally doing, rather than upon the basis of what we took it for granted the Deity intended him to do. If we cannot comprehend God in his visible works, how then in his inconceivable thoughts, that call the works into being? If we cannot understand him in his objective creatures, how then in his substantive moods and phases of creation?

Induction, *à posteriori*, would have brought phrenology to admit, as an innate and primitive principle of human action, a paradoxical something, which we may call *perverseness*, for want of a more characteristic term. In the sense I intend, it is, in fact, a *mobile* without motive, a motive not *motivirt*. Through its promptings we act without comprehensible object; or, if this shall be understood as a contradiction in terms, we may so far modify the proposition as to say,

that through its promptings we act, for the reason that we should *not*. In theory, no reason can be more unreasonable; but, in fact, there is none more strong. With certain minds, under certain conditions, it becomes absolutely irresistible. I am not more certain that I breathe, than that the assurance of the wrong or error of any action is often the one unconquerable *force* which impels us, and alone impels us to its prosecution. Nor will this overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake, admit of analysis, or resolution into ulterior elements. It is a radical, a primitive impulse — elementary. It will be said, I am aware, that when we persist in acts because we feel we should *not* persist in them, our conduct is but a modification of that which ordinarily springs from the *combativeness* of phrenology. But a glance will show the fallacy of this idea. The phrenological combativeness has for its essence, the necessity of self-defence. It is our safeguard against injury. Its principle regards our well-being; and thus the desire to be well, is excited simultaneously with its development. It follows, that the desire to be well must be excited simultaneously with any principle which shall be merely a modification of combativeness, but in the case of that something which I term *perverseness*, the desire to be well

is not only not aroused, but a strongly antagonistical sentiment exists.

An appeal to one's own heart is, after all, the best reply to the sophistry just noticed. No one who trustingly consults and thoroughly questions his own soul, will be disposed to deny the entire radicalness of the propensity in question. It is not more incomprehensible than distinctive. There lives no man who at some period, has not been tormented, for example, by an earnest desire to tantalize a listener by circumlocution. The speaker is aware that he displeases; he has every intention to please; he is usually curt, precise, and clear; the most laconic and luminous language is struggling for utterance upon his tongue; it is only with difficulty that he restrains himself from giving it flow; he dreads and deprecates the anger of him whom he addresses; yet, the thought strikes him, that by certain involutions and parentheses, this anger may be engendered. That single thought is enough. The impulse increases to a wish, the wish to a desire, the desire to an uncontrollable longing, and the longing, (to the deep regret and mortification of the speaker, and in defiance of all consequences,) is indulged.

We have a task before us which must be speedily performed. We know that it will be

ruinous to make delay. The most important crisis of our life calls, trumpet-tongued, for immediate energy and action. We glow, we are consumed with eagerness to commence the work, with the anticipation of whose glorious result our whole souls are on fire. It must, it shall be undertaken to-day, and yet we put it off until to-morrow; and why? There is no answer, except that we feel *perverse*, using the word with no comprehension of the principle. To-morrow arrives, and with it a more impatient anxiety to do our duty, but with this very increase of anxiety arrives, also, a nameless, a positively fearful, because unfathomable craving for delay. This craving gathers strength as the moments fly. The last hour for action is at hand. We tremble with the violence of the conflict within us, — of the definite with the indefinite — of the substance with the shadow. But, if the contest have proceeded thus far, it is the shadow which prevails, — we struggle in vain. The clock strikes, and is the knell of our welfare. At the same time, it is the chanticleer-note to the ghost that has so long over-awed us. It flies — it disappears — we are free. The old energy returns. We will labor *now*. Alas, it is *too late!*

We stand upon the brink of a precipice. We peer into the abyss — we grow sick and dizzy.

Our first impulse is to shrink from the danger. Unaccountably we remain. By slow degrees our sickness, and dizziness, and horror, become merged in a cloud of unnameable feeling. By gradations, still more imperceptible, this cloud assumes shape, as did the vapor from the bottle out of which arose the genius in the Arabian Nights. But out of this *our* cloud upon the precipice's edge, there grows into palpability, a shape, far more terrible than any genius, or any demon of a tale, and yet it is but a thought, although a fearful one, and one which chills the very marrow of our bones with the fierceness of the delight of its horror. It is merely the idea of what would be our sensations during the sweeping precipitancy of a fall from such a height. And this fall — this rushing annihilation — for the very reason that it involves that one most ghastly and loathsome of all the most ghastly and loathsome images of death and suffering which have ever presented themselves to our imagination — for this very cause do we now the most vividly desire it. And because our reason violently deters us from the brink, *therefore*, do we the more impetuously approach it. There is no passion in nature so demoniacally impatient, as that of him, who shuddering upon the edge of a precipice, thus meditates a plunge. To indulge for a moment,

in any attempt at *thought*, is to be inevitably lost; for reflection but urges us to forbear, and *therefore* it is, I say, that we *cannot*. If there be no friendly arm to check us, or if we fail in a sudden effort to prostrate ourselves backward from the abyss, we plunge, and are destroyed.

Examine these and similar actions as we will, we shall find them resulting solely from the spirit of the *Perverse*. We perpetrate them merely because we feel that we should *not*. Beyond or behind this, there is no intelligible principle. And we might, indeed, deem this perverseness a direct instigation of the Arch-Fiend, were it not occasionally known to operate in furtherance of good.

I have said thus much, that in some measure I may answer your question, that I may explain to you why I am here, that I may assign to you something that shall have at least the faint aspect of a cause for my wearing these fetters, and for my tenanting this cell of the condemned. Had I not been thus prolix, you might either have misunderstood me altogether; or with the rabble, you might have fancied me mad. As it is, you will easily perceive that I am one of the many uncounted victims of the Imp of the Perverse.

It is impossible that any deed could have been wrought with a more thorough deliberation. For

weeks, for months, I pondered upon the means of the murder. I rejected a thousand schemes because their accomplishment involved a *chance* of detection. At length, in reading some French Memoirs, I found an account of a nearly fatal illness that occurred to Madame Pilau, through the agency of a candle accidentally poisoned. The idea struck my fancy at once. I knew my victim's habit of reading in bed. I knew, too, that his apartment was narrow and ill ventilated. But I need not vex you with impertinent details. I need not describe the easy artifices by which I substituted, in his bed-room candlestand, a wax-light of my own making, for the one which I there found. The next morning he was discovered dead in his bed, and the Coroner's verdict was, "Death by the visitation of God."

Having inherited his estate, all went well with me for years. The idea of detection never once entered my brain. Of the remains of the fatal taper, I had myself carefully disposed. I had left no shadow of a clue by which it would be possible to convict, or even to suspect me of the crime. It is inconceivable how rich a sentiment of satisfaction arose in my bosom as I reflected upon my absolute security. For a very long period of time, I was accustomed to revel in this sentiment. It afforded me more real delight than

all the mere worldly advantages accruing from my sin. But there arrived at length an epoch, from which the pleasurable feeling grew, by scarcely perceptible gradations, into a haunting and harassing thought. It harassed because it haunted. I could scarcely get rid of it for an instant. It is quite a common thing to be thus annoyed with the ringing in our ears, or rather in our memories, of the burthen of some ordinary song, or some unimpressive snatches from an opera. Nor will we be the less tormented if the song in itself be good, or the opera air meritorious. In this manner, at last, I would perpetually catch myself pondering upon my security, and repeating, in a low, undertone, the phrase, "I am safe."

One day, whilst sauntering along the streets, I arrested myself in the act of murmuring, half aloud, these customary syllables. In a fit of petulance, I remodelled them thus: — "I am safe — I am safe — yes — if I be not fool enough to make open confession!"

No sooner had I spoken these words, than I felt an icy chill creep to my heart. I had had some experience in these fits of perversity, whose nature I have been at some trouble to explain, and I remembered well, that in no instance, I had successfully resisted their attacks. And now my own casual self-suggestion, that I might

possibly be fool enough to confess the murder of which I had been guilty, confronted me, as if the very ghost of him whom I had murdered — and beckoned me on to death.

At first, I made an effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I walked vigorously — faster — still faster — at length I ran. I felt a maddening desire to shriek aloud. Every succeeding wave of thought overwhelmed me with new terror, for, alas! I well, too well understood that, to *think*, in my situation, was to be lost. I still quickened my pace. I bounded like a madman through the crowded thoroughfares. At length, the populace took the alarm, and pursued me. I felt *then* the consummation of my fate. Could I have torn out my tongue, I would have done it, but a rough voice resounded in my ears — a rougher grasp seized me by the shoulder. I turned — I gasped for breath. For a moment, I experienced all the pangs of suffocation; I became blind, and deaf, and giddy; and then, some invisible fiend, I thought, struck me with his broad palm upon the back. The long imprisoned secret burst forth from my soul.

They say that I spoke with a distinct enunciation, but with marked emphasis, and passionate hurry, as if in dread of interruption before con-

cluding the brief, but pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman, and to hell.

Having related all that was necessary for the fullest judicial conviction, I fell prostrate in a swoon.

But why shall I say more? To-day I wear these chains, and am *here!* To-morrow I shall be fetterless! — *but where?*

A SACRIFICE.

THE morn is on the hill; the eastern red
Breaks, blushes, burns, o'er heaven and earth is spread.
The breeze, that at the dawning lightly gave
Its gentle motion to yon purple wave,
Just shook the myrtles on the mountain side —
Just breathed along the vale — the breeze has died.
There is a living calmness on the air,
So deep, the very soul grows calmer there.
A Parian temple crowns the mountain's brow,
Impassive, bright, severe as sculptured snow; —
Proud wheels the golden pinnacle above, —
One solitary bird, the bird of Jove.
The purple wave just kisses its bright shore,
One curl, one sweet, low murmur, and 'tis o'er.
'T is silence all, all splendid, fresh and still;
On vale and wood, on wave and holy hill.
But hark! the voice of flutes! In beauty rise
The virgin strains for morning sacrifice.
Winding, like vision'd forms, successive, slow,
Through the rich cloud of leaf and bloom below,
Flowers on their locks, the bosom's silver globe,
Half-beaming from the jewel-cinctured robe;
In their slight hands the lyre and marble urn,
Where thro' the rose-wreaths myrrh and sandal burn,

Solemn as statues from the vale they move,
To where the shrine in sun-light tow'rs above,
And now their noiseless feet, and eyes profound,
Have up the primrose tuft their pathway wound;
They, lovely as a dream, like it are gone,
And the eye looks on loveliness alone.
The temple-valves unfold. In fragrance rise
Wreath upon wreath, the clouds of sacrifice;
And sweet as dew-fall on the valley dim,
Spread the rich echoes of their melting hymn,
Slow stalking from his leafy bed, the deer
Pauses with glist'ning eye, that sound to hear;
Still wheels the eagle o'er the odorous cloud,
As if to catch the holy sweetness bowed.
Then to its wing the last deep chorus given,
Mounts on the breeze, and bears its charge to Heaven.

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THE WAYFARERS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

From the first peep of dawn, I had been wandering on the banks of the Carra, a little streamlet in Cornwall, in pursuit of my favorite amusement, angling, and was only compelled to relinquish it, from the sky being left without a cloud, and a summer sun pouring almost vertically his rays upon the waters, rendering their speckled tenants cautious to a fault, and myself languid and listless. I therefore resolved, for a few hours, to seek shelter at the nearest habitation, which, fortunately, at no great distance, presented itself in the cottage of a miller.

The scene was one of peculiar beauty, partaking of a mixture of the sylvan and rugged features of nature, such only as are to be found in "Merry England," and more especially in the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire.

On a gentle acclivity, not far from the cottage, stood the mill; one of those picturesque objects,

almost indigenous, (if I may be permitted the expression,) to this part of the country, with its white sails, and rough conical body, grown grey in the service of generations, as well as from the ravages of time and tempest.

The Carra, which swept swiftly round the base of the acclivity, after shooting in a direct line for a few yards, like a line of molten silver, passed under a little bridge, (if a rude stone arch may be so pompously designated,) and was shortly after lost to the view, in the bosom of a deep, and verdant valley.

As I reached this spot, my notice was attracted to a group of sun-browned urchins, reposing on the soft greensward of the banks of the streamlet. Their habiliments were those of the children of poverty; while their whole wealth, apparently, consisted of a little canine companion, that lay cozily couched between a boy and girl. To the opposite bank, one of the party had crossed, a bluff, and ruddy looking lad, who stretched at his full length upon the mossy turf, with his head over the stream, was, in the palm of his hand, greedily conveying the cool and sparkling waters to his lips, with a relish that never did bacchanalian enjoy in the richest draught drained from the ripest vine that ever bloomed beneath Italia's sky.

My person being observed by him; he uttered a shout to his companions, which was responded to by a short bark, and surly growl, from their friend, the terrier. At the same time, the youngest of the party, a rosy-cheeked and smiling girl, about seven years of age, came timorously towards me, and dropping a courtesy, in a bashful manner, solicited my charity.

Drawing from my pocket a small piece of silver, I held it up to her view. Her deep blue eyes sparkled with delight, and again courtesying, she extended her tiny hand in the hope that I would drop within its palm the coveted treasure; but I was anxious to make her acquaintance a little farther, and still retaining the coin in my possession, I said, "What is your name, my darling?"

"Patty, good gentleman," she replied, in a soft and silvery voice.

"And the other little folks, are they your friends?" I continued.

"Oh, no sir," she answered, smilingly, "they are only my brothers and sisters."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, sir! Here! Ned, George, Mary!" shouted the little beauty, and waving her bonnet for them to approach, they did so, in a meek

and respectful manner, that at once betokened they were not the tutored offspring of the mendicant.

"And whither are you journeying, my pretty ones?"

Little Patty looked inquiringly at her sister Mary, the eldest of the party, whose face became deeply crimsoned, and her eyes filled with tears. Twice she essayed to speak, but utterance failed her, and her answer only found its passage in a deep-drawn sigh.

I kindly took her hand, and in words of encouragement, repeated my question. The poor girl by degrees mastered her grief, and in a melancholy voice, replied, —

"Alas, sir, it is difficult to tell!"

"Where is your home my pretty one?" I continued.

"The world, sir, — the wide and heartless world, sir," was her reply, — and she turned aside and wept bitterly.

The grief of the girl gave deep pain to the others, who now clung closely around her, and by their artless endearments, and affectionate words, endeavored to soothe and share her grief; even the little dog shewed a feeling in the scene, and whined, and leaped about the sorrowing WAYFARERS.

"Weep not, my poor girl — dry up your tears — take comfort — confide in me — perhaps I may be able to alleviate, if not entirely relieve your sorrows," I cheeringly replied.

"Heaven bless you, sir; it is not for myself I weep, but for those you see around me;" and she clasped the latter to her breast, covering her rosy and innocent face with kisses. "It is for these, sir, she continued, that I sorrow. I am young, it is certain, but of age and strength sufficient to earn a subsistence, but they, God bless them, are helpless, with a cold world before them, and no parent, no friend to guard and guide their footsteps."

"You are orphans, then," I hesitatingly inquired.

"Alas! yes, sir."

"And how long have you been deprived of your parents, my good girl?" I continued.

"Poor mother died about a year since, and three weeks ago, I received intelligence of father's death."

"And where did he die?"

"In France, sir, on the plains of Waterloo."

My heart beat heavily in my bosom, — a dimness rose before my eyes — I drew my hand across them; they were filled with tears.

Blood-stained Waterloo — grave of two mighty nations — dread altar of man's ambition, alas! how many homes hast thou rendered desolate? how many widows and orphans hast thou cast upon the cold and heartless world!

"But tell me, have you no friends — no one, to whom you can apply for support and protection?"

"I have a grandfather, sir; but poor mother told me we had nothing to hope from him."

"No! and wherefore?"

"Because, it appears, she had disobeyed his commands in marrying father, and he had driven her, forever, from his heart and home."

"But, my poor girl," I continued, "the human heart is not so callous as to be deaf to the appeals of its offspring; and you are assuredly the children of that old man's blood. He cannot, dare not, refuse you. Where does he reside?"

"Even that I do not know, sir."

"That is strange. Have you no remembrance of aught that ever fell from your mother's lips, that can lead to a clue of his discovery?"

"None, sir; I fear there remains for us now, no home but the workhouse. My mother, my dear mother, let me but again behold your grave, and I will pray to your blessed spirit that my heart may break beside it." And she fell almost fainting at my feet.

At this moment, a laughing, ruddy boy, came bounding from the miller's house, towards us, with a basket filled with his mother's bounty, but the WAYFARERS were too busily employed in condoling with poor Mary, to observe his approach.

"Go, child," I said, taking the basket from his hand, "and tell your mother a stranger desires to see her." The little fellow was off like an arrow, and in a few minutes, the dame stood before me.

"My good woman, can you favor me, by affording food and shelter to these poor orphans that you see before you, until the morning. I am willing to remunerate you for whatever trouble they may occasion, and —"

I was about to proceed in my request, but she gave me a look that at once shewed I had mistaken her character, in mentioning a recompense for an act of hospitality. I felt rebuked, and was about to stammer out an apology, but she gently waved her hand to forbid reply, and gazing affectionately upon the children, I saw that the fount of pity was welling in her heart.

"Such as I have, sir," she answered, "they are welcome to. I am a parent myself, and God refuse me his support, when I refuse assistance to the orphan and the needy. Here, Alfred," she cried to her little son, "go tell Jessie to prepare

the dinner;" and assisting to raise the unhappy girl, we proceeded to the house. As we approached its porch, a man, the snows of whose head told he had numbered more years than are usually allotted to the span of humanity, came forth to receive us, and at the same time, the jolly miller having stopped his mill, joined the party.

"Look, husband," said the wife, "I have brought a few friends to dinner with us; I am certain you will bid them welcome."

"Aye, that I will," said the manly yeoman, good humor and generosity mingling in his rosy countenance; "and I know that Mr. Darville," placing his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "will also make them welcome; he is always a friend to the poor and the distressed."

The old man replied not, but it was evident something had struck a chord that sounded strangely in his bosom. He leaned heavily upon his staff; his frame became agitated, and he pressed his withered hand upon his eyes to impede the tears that began to course rapidly down his furrowed face.

"This gentleman," continued the good woman, "informs me they are orphans, and——."

"Then they are doubly welcome, dame," said the miller, interrupting her. "Come in, my pretty ones — come in — wife, we shall make this an idle

day. I have stopped the mill, because there is no wind, and no more work shall be done. Neighbour Hodges is the only one who wants his flour, and I know he has enough in his bin to last him till the morning. I shall rise with the lark, and get all in readiness," and he trolled out the following verse that made the welkin ring:—

'The lark in the morning he rises from his nest,
And mounts in the sky with the dew on his breast;
And he whistles and he sings to the jolly hearted-swain,
And at night he descends to his old nest again.'

"Come in, come in — a mug of ale, Jessie, our young friends must be thirsty;" and lifting up the little girl in his arms, and kissing her heartily, led the way to his dwelling.

The old man remained. His head had fallen upon his breast, and his eyes were fixed intently upon a little locket, which the girl had dropped, as the miller had caught her up in his arms. Twice he essayed to lift it, but his strength failed, and he hung trembling above it. "Can it be," he muttered to himself, "can it be the very bauble which my own hand placed upon the bosom of my daughter? No, no, she was unworthy of the name. She forsook father, kindred, home, to wed with the man of my hatred; and yet, I cannot be mistaken — it is the same. O

God, these children, — perhaps, they are my —." The word was choked in its utterance, and he fell prostrate upon the turf.

The scene was observed by the party from the window of the cottage, and the miller and his spouse came quickly to his assistance. As they raised him, one hand held with a desperate grasp, the locket, and with the other, he pointed towards the house. They were at a loss to comprehend his meaning, till he faintly ejaculated, "The children, where are they? Bring them to me." The good dame lost no time in executing his wish.

Seated on the ground, the old man received the WAYFARERS.

"Come near me," said he, faintly, to the eldest. The girl shrunk back, alarmed at the wild and anxious look he cast upon her. "Come near me, I say!" he repeated, "what fear you? I will not harm you, — do you know this?" he continued, holding before her the locket.

"Yes!" exclaimed the girl, "It is my sister Patty's; it was placed around her neck by poor mother, on the evening of her death."

"Your mother — tell me — yet be certain — do not deceive me — your mother, she was called — ?"

"Huntley, sir, Alice Huntley!"

The old man uttered a shriek, and clasped the girl frantically to his bosom.

"I was not deceived, here are her features; yes, yes, the soft blue eyes, the sweet smile. O God, forgive me for deserting my daughter. Children, come to me — kiss me!" and as they hung around him, he wept aloud in the agony of heart.

The sequel is soon told. Alice, the old man's only child, as has been already narrated, had given offence by her marrying with a poor, but honest yeoman, and from that moment had been discarded from her father's home and affections. After ten years of sorrow and suffering, in a fatal hour William Huntley enlisted in a regiment on the eve of embarkation for the Peninsula War, where, after acquitting himself with distinguished bravery, he was doomed to lay down his life on the decisive and sanguinary field of Waterloo.

About a year before this event, Alice had departed to another and a better world, leaving her offspring to the faint hope, that the father might yet return. Through the kind offices of a few of the inhabitants of the village, the children were supplied with the meagre necessaries of life, till the intelligence of Huntley's death rendered that living tomb, the workhouse, their only

shelter. But the pretty Mary, in the pride of her heart, determined, that with her brothers and sister she would rather trust to the uncertain bread of charity, than become the inmate of its walls; and it was thus journeying on their pilgrimage of poverty, that God, in his inscrutable wisdom had discovered to them their grandsire, who now sought to make atonement to the orphans, for the suffering he had cast upon their parents.

Some years after this meeting, chance led me to the scene again. The honest miller and his worthy spouse were still in the same abode. On inquiry, I found that the pretty Mary had been wedded to a young and industrious yeoman; and with her brothers and sisters, Ned, George, and the cherry-cheeked Patty, the other juvenile characters of our sketch, were living happily, on a small, but fertile farm, purchased with the wealth that old Darville had bequeathed to them at his decease; an event that transpired five years after his meeting with his grandchildren. In company with the miller and his wife, I paid them a visit; and I need hardly add, I was kindly received, and hospitably entertained by the family of the WAYFARERS.

TO AN INDIAN BIRD SEEN ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.

FROM THE DANISH OF OEHLENSCHLAGER.

THIS is no home for thee, sweet bird,
A bleak and barren northern shore;
Where mists eternal ever shroud,
The forests dark and mountains hoar.

Thy crimson wing, and golden breast,
Plumed in some isle of Indian sea,
Can find no bow'r wherein to rest,
Nor faithful mate to solace thee.

Mournful thou sitt'st on yonder bough,
Thy plumage glist'ning in the ray
Of morning's beam, — and sing'st thy plaint
For scenes of beauty, far away.

Thou think'st upon the leaping rills,
The waveless lakes and azure seas;
Where the broad palm and orange groves
Wave freshly in the fragrant breeze.

Sweet opes the rose its crimson breast,
And lovely is the lily's smile;
But what are these our country's flowers,
To those of thy bright Indian isle.

I think of thee with grief, lone bird,
An exile on our northern shore;
When winter comes in brumal shroud,
And storms and tempests wildly roar.

For then no grove will shelter yield,
No forest shade wave over thee;
But chilled and mateless wilt thou droop,
In death upon the frozen lea.

H.

EDWARD OGILVIE OR THE FORAGING PARTY.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

EDWARD OGILVIE was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of widow Ogilvie wound along the sea-beach, with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white, sparkling sand and blue

waves on the other. The distance between the two mountains was little less than a mile; and about half way between was a bridge of stone spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of half a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart; and every evening for the last month he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm, meditative aspect peculiar to students; for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return; but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger for a few moments as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek, and gaze upon its expanse of waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid over-

hanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had passed a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood he discovered that her course was towards the land; but seeing Annette on the piazza he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of a brother and sister than that of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

"We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant," said Annette, whom we would stop to describe, if our pen could do justice to her beauty. We will, however, say that the color of her eyes was a deep sea-blue, and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen by Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine, her form sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion

as graceful as a fawn's. She was good-humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

"Yes, Annette; the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground."

"I should like it of all things. My father says *our* company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on parade to day."

"He was at the review, then?"

"Yes, and acted as a major or colonel, I believe. At any rate, he is just come home, on horseback, in full uniform with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for full a minute."

"And the longest time you ever held it 'Netty," said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in his hand and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster?"

"Yes, sir! are the troops dismissed yet?"

"Not all."

"We were going up the road to the hill-top, to listen to the music, father," said Annette.

"No, no! stay at home, child;" said the Squire, gravely. "I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?"

"I did, Mr. Harwood, I thought the walk might be pleasant."

"Humph! Look you, young man," said Squire Harwood bluntly; "military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under! You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man, that I know; but you see I hav 'nt but one daughter, and I don't mean she shall marry any man who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade or pulled a trigger for love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows, and serving her with honor. You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day-time, and come and make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I

said before; but I've made up my mind Annette shan't marry a man that has'nt had a hand in this war against the English. If you are of a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something that you have done I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette, for her's I dare say she's given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So if you want my daughter, you know now how she is to be won."

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm and bowing very kindly, but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession which he had in view was that of a clergyman; and although not deficient in courage or patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. As he

came upon the bridge he had made up his mind. He stopped, and speaking aloud, said firmly, —

"If Annette is only to be won by my taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!"

While he was speaking, he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor about a mile abreast of the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a merchant-ship. He remained for some time watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster-field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill; and the low dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

"Well, to-morrow I too shall march to the measure of pipe and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won!"

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweeps came clearer and nearer, and he soon was enabled to discover a barge pulling in towards the bridge. His position in the shadow of an overhanging limb shielded him from observation. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer land, and a person standing up in the stern directed its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood, the party debarked. He now saw that half of them were seamen and half marines, and that all were armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who, forming them into a column marched them up the bank and on the bridge. Edward, as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed by its foliage while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

"How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?" asked the young officer, looking about him after all his party had got on the bridge, save a man to guard the boat.

"The first mill am 'bout a third of a mile up de creek, and the to'ther one where the most

grist be is a mile. There is a good path along the creek-shore!" answered a man in the true Yankee negro intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

"If you deceive me, darkie, you are a dead man!" said the middy, very positively.

"I knows dat well 'nuff, so I tells you de truth tho' I hates to mightily! I knows all 'bout 'dis place, coz I used to lib here once! Ober dar is whar Squire Harwood live, and ober dat away am widdur Ogilvie, an' I wish dis niggar was safe in dark kitchen! I nebber go cook agen in Boston ship, nor no oder one a'ter bein' taken prisiner by de British as I am dis time! I wish I may nebber see blue water agen, if I gets my liberty dis time!"

"Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country and must be cautious."

"Yes, I guess you better," said the negro sulkily. "If de country people know'd you was skulkin' here a'ter corn and flour and sheep and oxes to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a week past, they be round as thick as snakes in de grass, and debble one ob you get back to your boat! So, I adwise you, massa, to keep sharp eye to windward! Guy! how mad all on 'em be in de mornin' when dey find out you land here in

a prize ship wid on'y two gun aboard and thirty men, and carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dere two mills, and sheep and turkeys too, for de lieutenant's dinner! Dey sware den, and I expec' de Squire swear enuff for a whole regiment!"

"Forward," cried the middy. "Silence all of you and advance swiftly and with caution!"

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

"These men, then, are English," he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge; "the vessel is a prize bound to Halifax, with a midshipman and two-and-thirty men — twenty here and ten remaining on board! My course is decided on! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the fife and drum; and if I can find twenty brave men among them to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun rise!"

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and after getting beyond hearing of the man in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called "the Cross Road," a cluster of village habitations, the

principal of which was a large country tavern, where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia-men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile distant from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet that he feared that the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there. Through the windows, as he approached the door, he saw that the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet-belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets; while the guns of the rest of the party were stacked in a corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself personally performed at the battle of Plattsburg.

On Edward's entrance the landlord first noticed him:

"Ah; so you *can* enter a tavern on a training-day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your brothers' sake, who are all serving their country. But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade!"

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor he said with a firm tone,

"I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize money!"

"Spoken with spirit!" exclaimed several. "That rings like your brother George!" said the landlord. "But what is it?" cried all crowding round.

"Will you be led by me! There is danger to life and person; but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead!"

"The man has courage if he is a student," remarked one to the other with surprise.

"What have you discovered?" demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

"Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I

can place in your hands as prisoners twenty English seamen and an officer who have just landed?"

"Yes! lead on!" was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia-men was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse and armed with his broad-sword. Five of his farm-men had followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward with great coolness and skill took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire with thirty men should cut off the retreat of the foraging party and take them prisoners!"

"And what will you do?" asked the Squire. "You are not going to keep out of the danger?"

"No sir! If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands; for the most of her prize crew are ashore! Who will volunteer?"

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This bold proposition at first startled the boldest man among them. But in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered; and in two minutes more he was at their head, leading them to the bridge, while the Squire with his detachment proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and *his* brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and after a short conflict he was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that within less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood!

THE HEART'S DIRGE.

I WAKE not thus at midnight's hour,
  Resting my head in mournful mood
Upon my hand, to muse on Power
  Begirt by all her battle brood;
Nor do I frame the lay to tell
How heroes crowned with victory fell,
When war-fiends peal'd their frantic yell
                Upon the fields of blood.

No! Midnight's smouldering passions urge
  The wailings that I wake to pour,
An unheard melancholy dirge,
  A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
Poor sport of many a bitterest ill —
Of Misery's pang and Rapture's thrill,
Soon may'st thou — must thou slumber still,
                Nor wish to waken more!

What wert thou when young life was thine?
  Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
Her glorious forms of joy divine,
  To tempt, then sweep in mockery past?

Did Passion, like the siroc-wind,
That leaves no living thing behind,
Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
To leave thee thus at last?

Say — wert thou one whose pulses rose
As the clear war-note swell'd the gale!
Rodest thou amid encountering foes,
Grimly to bid destruction hail?
When Victory her pœan rung,
Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
Hast thou from bloody housings sprung,
As rout roar'd down the vale?

Or did thy lone aspirings pant
For that immortal, holier fame,
The bard's high lays alone can grant —
A stainless and a star-like name?
Had nature in her bounty smiled
On thee, her desert-wandering child,
While each oasis in the wild,
Show'd grove of verdant flame?

Or had Love's wondrous magic wrought
Round thy love-strings, a fatal spell,
Till at a look, a word, a thought,
Was brightest heaven, or darkest hell?
And still, whatever doom was thine,
Wert thou for aye a hallow'd shrine,
Where one, an image all divine,
In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the warrior's war-brand rusts
  In peace, when Age has tamed his fire;
The bard to future times intrusts
  His fame — his soul's one, strong desire!
The lover — ah! he ne'er may rest!
No balm — no solace to his breast —
Till even in despairing blest
                His broken heart expire!

Yes, thine has been the lover's doom —
  The lore that kills well hast thou known!
Behind the darkness of the tomb,
  Thy star of life is set and gone!
Did she, for whom thy pulse beat high,
Turn from thy disregarded sigh
Her proud ear, and imperious eye,
                And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or bard, or lover true,
  Whate'er thou wert, or might'st have been,
Rest thee! while o'er thy wreck I strew
  Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
Primroses, snowdrops, lilies fair,
Spring's firstlings — Autumn blossoms rare,
That trembling in the wintry air,
                Shrink from its breathings keen.

The cypress let me gather too —
  The willow boughs that ever weep,
And blend them with the sable yew,
  To shade thy last, long, dreamless sleep.

Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
The wreath funereal o'er thee hung,
The pall of silence round thee flung —
Long be thy rest and deep!

H.

THE GYPSY LOVER.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
And blanch at once the hair,
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor *Gypsy* knew them all.

MARMION.

IT was now the depth of autumn; and, according to an immemorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plain; the greater portion in droskies, or little wagons, and not a few on small, lean looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest, call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise and be going, ere they hailed, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclosed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars; the only inheritance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours, they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions; the cavalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and interchange of amicable greetings, it divided itself into various portions; wagons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children; while, perchance, a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burthen of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of threatening castigation; his wide, heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Sclavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging, generally, in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no one took up a permanent residence in the neighborhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intended to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant. Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering in the top by means of skins, or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, erected booths more fit for shelter and comfort; while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong wagons, screened from the cold and moisture of night, by the envelopments of a coarse cloak, or, by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great

sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns, and a shrill, murmuring, monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privilege of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters with their masters, and annihilate the marks and remembrances of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the pipkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her

twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook: and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguishing excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debretzin, to assist in the labors of the harvest. In stature she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise, but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well favored; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others. There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright, sweet little creature; and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which it belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream: one foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink; and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher,

while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice, which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a Cygani, or Gypsy; and, as people belonging to the wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm.

"This is a fine, calm evening, my child; may I have a draught from thy pitcher?"

He drank and proceeded.

"Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl?"

"Nay, now," returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him; "nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray now?"

"These are women's words," answered the

Gypsy, "not to be taken just as they are spoken; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one — nay, but look in my face — a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise."

Theresa looked half playfully at him.

"That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me; but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father. Isn't it foolish in an old man like you," added she smiling, "to be prying into a poor girl's thoughts? But, good evening; I am loitering with you here when I have other things to attend to;" and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

"Nay, stop for a moment, my nightingale; I ask not your secrets. But what would you say were I to tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shews his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene,

and change of companions, bring about change of heart. Yours are not so — if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face."

"Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell, I must away, good even."

"Nay, nay, another moment, and I have done. Methinks I see one who is far away; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the banks of a stream; its windows look to the east; and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there; ah! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now, you look down, and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear."

"How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things? or how can you know anything about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen? I could almost think — but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of Father Nicholas's sermons. Really, I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily," she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of

sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying, and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

"Let me look at your hand a moment — but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny, or sombred with clouds, like yon. Why do you hesitate? Do you doubt my skill? Indeed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise."

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eye along the lines of life.

"Now I know your destiny, Theresa; — Is not that your name?"

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervor, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him, —

"He whom you love, Theresa, — he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am

prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee — but you will not refuse me this;" and, gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips, — "it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a Cygani hereafter. Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good night, and may Heaven bless you."

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and, during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sat, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbour in the face.

Night passed over, with many a dream, peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun, all were astir, and preparing for the field labors. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless, she arose with the rest,

partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labors of harvest. To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never before felt such a delight in the soft breeze, and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had arisen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old gypsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind, and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had nought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and, when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party replenished their pipes and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door.

"Have you been long in these parts?" said old Peter Shemnitz to the Cygani, after an hour's conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; "or do you reside at a distance?"

"You may as well ask the direction to Cain's dwelling as to mine. — We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passeth from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?"

"What can you give us?"

"Why, almost what you choose, on violin or dudel-sack — Zrinii's March, Maria Carlvitch, the song of Istolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna."

"So you have been at the great city; come tell us something about it. 'Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over."

"True, indeed," said the Cygani, smiling; "the times are miraculously changed. The

French Lion has at length been caught in the toils; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come, tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'T is said the Emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is, without doubt; and so rich and fine! Ah! if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots! — if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army; for we, borderers of Transylvania, must all be trained up as soldiers. He was my only son; and after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind; — the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne; — so, having

braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked the door of my widowed hut, and set out, on what many would reckon, a fool's journey."

"Was it so? — What success had you in your travels? I dare say you found him out after all?"

"Alas! you urge me to recall heavy thoughts to my mind, but ——."

"No, no; save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son. There was one of them who had long been his tent fellow, and had stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighbourhood. His forefathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations; till forced in his father's time, to mortgage it. — His name was Ludovico ——— I forget what more."

"Ludovico Marlin! — I knew him well, I knew him well! — Theresa," he cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door, — "Theresa, here is one who has seen ———."

"So you knew him?" — said the Cygani, sharply.

"Knew him! how could I not know him,— Ludovico! — For years many, and full of pleasure, he ate at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth; though he was no doubt, born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest of kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion; for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected, and an orphan. — And are we to see him so soon again? The news is like a cordial to my heart."

"So you are the man I am in search of?" said the Cygani, catching hold of his hand. "That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward route to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare."

Peter scarcely refrained from hugging the Gypsy.

"Theresa," he cried, "Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and

let us make merry. Girl, why do you stand there, moping? make haste! — You have been crying, child; — a pretty occasion, too, surely."

The wine was set down, and circled; the pipes whiffed; the jest and the song went round; and the Cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years; and, as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it "discourse most eloquent music," till twilight had sombred into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the Cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful; the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and, fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which, in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odour was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and

the mild air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelid; but she smiled away their inquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The Gypsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the wagons; while we return, in the meantime, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavour to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic Empire, of the fatigues, horrors, and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipsic, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time, his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands that returned no more.

From the constitutional laws of Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable — a certain way of maintaining the state vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency, even from the Herrenstuhl, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation at Offen. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for

thirty years; but, at the expiration of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the house of the Rent-richter; and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and, immediately on his return to Debretzin, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities; and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this

branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to, and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honors, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible despatch, things were put into order; and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hussars; for to that rank the fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honorably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends on their accustomed harvest excursion, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or intensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed — his grounds set in order — and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye; — nor could he look upon either, without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sat upon his heart; dreams, long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardor glowed in more agreeable colors, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shemnitz and his family should return, less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might shew them all his gratitude, for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed; and the harvest of the peasantry of Debretzin was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the greensward, beneath the lilac trees, the Gypsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly participating of the light-heartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in mind the many happy times, when long, long ago, on the banks of the far-off Danube, he him-

self joined in similar festivities — but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and, as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his revery, but immediately recovering himself, recognised the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

"So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing."

"What! Theresa?"

"Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 't were that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?"

"Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?"

"It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but, come in, and you shall see her yourself."

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the Cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, insomuch, that her head sank back on the wall, but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. "That man," she thought, "somehow or other possesses secrets, which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings — he dares not to leave them unrevealed; yet he has not the heart to communicate them! May heaven strengthen me for all things!"

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the Gypsy, gently taking hold of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do any thing for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said,

"My dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of, your affection for me deceives you. Believe me, I am well — nay, shake not your head, — quite well."

"Yes," added the Cygani, smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well; as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed, it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which now demands immediate fulfilment — always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the Cygani, he said, "To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it. Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant,

when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to ——"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the Cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L. — "Knowest thou this? — By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand!"

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together, as she approached the Gypsy — "Oh, say he is well! — Is he at Debretzin? — Oh, he will be here, father, he will not wait; he will he here to see us! — Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle; that I — that we should never see him more."

"Stuff — stuff, Theresa," said old Peter, checking her; "you must be well now, and dream so no more."

"Stuff — stuff," echoed the Cygani. "On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears, Theresa —

why do you look afraid, girl? — that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush — neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth."

"To-morrow we set out early," said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before; "and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbors, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise."

Peter and the Gypsy spent a blithe night of it together; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfulness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, whom he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put

in motion. The dews of morning, as yet undrunken by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. Nothing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the Gypsy produced a letter, which he seemed to have forgotten, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the Chapel of St. John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

"And how looked Theresa?" the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to inquire; "and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the Cygani brought her from her lover? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were to be omitted."

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when the spire of St. John's rose in sight, on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you, that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really — but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned

with a rich lace, several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned, from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it; amidst the elysium of which, "a thousand little loves in ambush lay." Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned ankle in its silken stocking, and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of "single blessedness."

Although no great judge of these matters, yet it may be affirmed, that since she looked so pass-

ing well, the taste of her lover is not much to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in anything. We stop not to dispute the point — but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri — the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest, in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honor and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around the open space by the altar. Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in. The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gypsy, who was standing amid the spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder

what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance — the perplexity of a father — and he stepped forward, in Christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honor of the auspicious day, and, considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigor. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustaches, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich huzzar uniform, stood for an instant confessed — then rushed forward to his matchless Theresa — who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose — the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and, putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate vicegerent of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

A FAIR PLACE AND PLEASANT.

A FAIR place and pleasant, this same world of ours!
Who says there are serpents 'mongst all the sweet flowers?
Who says ev'ry blossom we pluck has its thorn?
Pho! pho! laugh those musty old sayings to scorn.

If you roam to the Tropics for flowers rich and rare,
No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones there;
If none but the Rose will content ye, 't is true,
You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones too.

But prithee, look there — Could a Serpent find room
In that closewoven moss, where those violets bloom?
And reach me that woodbine — You'll get it with ease —
Now, Wiseacre! where are the thorns, if you please?

I say there are Angels in every spot,
Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them not,
That they 're guardians assign'd to the least of us all,
By Him who takes note if a sparrow but fall.

That they 're aye flitting near us, around us, above,
On missions of kindness, compassion and love —

That they 're glad when we 're happy, disturbed at our
tears;
Distress'd at our weaknesses, failings, and fears.

That they care for the least of our innocent joys,
Though we 're cozen'd like children, with trifles and
toys;
And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones too,
Where snake never harbor'd, and thorn never grew.

C.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

BY ROBERT MACNISH.

"You were talking of the Man with the Nose," said the fat landlord of the Golden Lion to one of his customers, a tight, dapper, little fellow, in short buckskin breeches, and a green frock coat, who sat toasting his legs at the fire, and smoking a cigar.

"Ay, very true," rejoined the latter. "Well, as I was saying, the Man with the Nose made his appearance at York in the Year 1823."

"It was in 1822," interrupted a mild voice from behind the door, which opened at this instant, and gave entrance to a tall, meagre figure, dressed in a complete suit of black, a cocked hat, and silver knee and shoe-buckles.

This sentence, and still more the appearance of the person who uttered it, produced a sudden pause in the words of the other speaker. He drew the cigar from his mouth, and gazed

upon the stranger with mute astonishment. Such an extraordinary cessation of talk, in a man who was famous for talking, naturally excited the attention of the rest of the company, which, besides the landlord, consisted of three individuals, to wit, the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk. They looked first at the little fellow with the frock coat, then at the long man in black, — who had by this time seated himself near the fire, and drawn a pipe from his pocket, — and then at each other, as if for the purpose of inquiring, "What the devil is the meaning of all this?"

At last the host, summoning courage, ventured to put the following question, — "Pray, friend, who are you?"

"I am the Man with the Nose," replied the new comer, taking the pipe from his mouth and emitting a preliminary whiff of tobacco smoke.

"The Man with the Nose!" muttered the landlord with a stare, in which the others joined simultaneously, — "and pray, what do you want here?"

"A can of good ale, and a bed for the night," answered the stranger, withdrawing the pipe as before, and resuming it the instant he got out with his sentence.

This response, though it contained nothing at all remarkable, added considerably to the surprise of the aforesaid personages, who stood looking at him with a curiosity, which would have been at once unjustifiable and impertinent, but for the extraordinary nose which adorned his face. Such a snout had never before been presented to the eyes of these worthy characters, nor, perhaps, of anybody else. It was neither an aquiline nose, nor a Roman nose, nor a snub nose, — nor, in truth, could it be reduced to any classification whatever. It was chiefly characterized by its extreme length and redness, and was comparable to nothing but to the lugubrious noses which are sold for masquerades by the perfumers.

"The Man with the Nose!" ejaculated the landlord with amazement.

"The Man with the Nose!" repeated the barber and fiddler, with equal surprise.

"Ay, the Man with the nose," said the stranger. "Is there anything remarkable in seeing a man with a nose upon his face?"

"But such a nose!" exclaimed the town-clerk, half breathless with wonder.

"Yes, my nose is certainly somewhat singular in its dimensions, I confess," replied the proprietor

of this remarkable feature; "but yet, my friend, you must know, — you must know, — you must know, that it — that it is — that it is still ——."

"That it is still what?" said the clerk, his curiosity excited to the highest pitch.

"*That it is still a nose,*" concluded the other, putting the pipe once more into his mouth, and smoking with the most imperturbable gravity.

This answer threw the landlord and his three friends farther back than ever. They had not another word to say, but kept up an interchange of mutual and wondering glances, and muttered between their teeth certain sentences, which were inaudible except to themselves respectively. For a time none ventured to hazard an observation. Each leaned back upon his chair, and continued gazing upon the stranger, who seemed totally regardless of their scrutiny. The longer he smoked, the more intense their curiosity became; and this feeling reached its climax, when the little fellow with the frock-coat rose from his seat in manifest perturbation, threw down a shilling as his share of the reckoning, and, putting on his hat, walked hastily out of the room.

This movement was not unnoticed by the

rest. It struck them first with surprise; but in a short time, a vague fear crept over their spirits, for which, had they been asked, they would have found it impossible to give any reason. The person before them had certainly a long nose, but what of that? Many persons had long noses, although this was, beyond doubt, the most extraordinary that ever came under their observation. In this manner did each philosophize upon the subject, but unfortunately all philosophy was at fault; and they sat at the table, their tankards of prime ale untasted, and gazed with an astonishment not unaccompanied with awe on the tall man, who remained by the fireside smoking his pipe, and occasionally tasting the malt liquor, which, in compliance with his wish, the servant girl of the inn had taken care to place before him. Not a word was spoken. The landlord at times would stroke his sleek paunch, and look wistfully around; the fiddler would utter a long and half-suppressed yawn; the barber stared like a fixture; and the town-clerk breathed as hard as if his lungs had been performing the part of a blacksmith's bellows. A spell seemed to have exercised its influence over the four; they could neither speak nor move, but sat as if bound to their seats by some irresistible agency.

Meanwhile, puff — puff — puff, went the lips of the stranger and each was followed by a cloud of smoke, which, after enveloping his visage, either diffused itself in the apartment, or ascended the chimney in curling wreaths. The landlord and his acquaintances looked on with amazement; the tongue of each was chained; they made no attempt to speak, but sat staring at the smoker as if fascinated by the gaze of a basilisk. At length, the town-clerk, who was seated nearest the door, arose after a violent effort, laid hold of his hat, and departed with as much apparent alarm as the little fellow in the frock coat who preceded him. He had scarcely been gone three minutes, when the fiddler followed his example; leaving the landlord and the barber to their own cogitations. On witnessing these departures, the surprise and fear of both the latter increased. The former, in the height of alarm, drew his chair instinctively closer to that which contained the man of wigs. He did not, however, long enjoy the society of this remaining associate; for, after sundry chatterings of the teeth, sundry tremors of the frame, and sundry most ominous stares, the barber got up from his seat, and with limbs trembling under their load, tottered to the door, and made his sortie, leaving the

host to encounter as he best could, the Man with the Nose.

Never was human nature placed in such a predicament; never was dismay painted on any countenance so forcibly as on the landlord's, on being left alone in such society. While his friends continued beside him, his situation was somewhat endurable; but as they dropped off one by one, a feeling of vague alarm crept over him; and now that they were all gone, he felt overpowered with the sensations of genuine terror. He sat on his high-backed, stuffed arm-chair, directly opposite to his guest, who smoked as if utterly unconscious of his presence. The fire sparkled brightly, throwing a ruddy glare over the brilliant surfaces of the jugs and pans, which were studiously arranged, with English neatness, along the wall; and the huge flitches of bacon that dangled from the roof, reflected the dazzling glow from their greasy sides. He could not move from his seat; he could not speak; he could not think. He could, in fact, do nothing but hear and see; and such sounds and such sights were presented to his eyes and ears as never mortal innkeeper encountered. Before him sat the gaunt, motionless figure of the Man with the Nose; and the incessant puff — puff — puff, followed by corres-

ponding clouds of fragrance, pealed upon the drum of his ear, as if so many globules of quicksilver had been dropped into it.

What could he do? We have said that he was unable to stir; or perhaps like his friend, he might have decamped, and left the house to shift for itself. He, however, had one resource: he could close his eyes, and shut out the object which gave him such annoyance. He did so, but the effort was so intense that he found it impossible to persevere. The eternal puff — puff — puff, against which it was impracticable to be deaf, reminded him that his tormentor was at hand; and imagination, acting upon memory, represented the latter as thrusting his long nose into his face, and grinning and smoking at him with devilish malice. He could not carry on; in spite of himself he was compelled to open his eyes, — and once more was the stranger revealed to him, smoking as at first.

A shudder now came over his heart, but his limbs were so rigidly immoveable that they did not partake of it. He was fettered to his seat by a talisman, and sat victim-like upon it, as if to undergo persecution from some dreadful demon. It would be vain to relate the efforts he made to rise; not a limb would move, —

the powers of volition seemed totally suspended. He was cramped, paralyzed, spell-bound, or whatever we choose to call it. In vain did he endeavor to cry out for the ostler or maid; his voice was a rebel to his will, and refused to obey. In heart he beshrewed them both for not coming to his assistance. He was wide awake, yet he labored under a night-mare; and felt as if the entrance of any one would break asunder the cursed spell which bound him. Not one appeared. Fate had conspired against him; ostler and maid had deserted him in his utmost need; barber, and fiddler, and town-clerk, had played him foul, and left him basely in the lurch. Not even a strolling packman, or talkative newsmonger, would step charitably in for a pot of ale, or half an hour's conversation. What would he have given to any drunken ditcher or swaggering dragoon who had at this moment made his appearance! — But, alas! none such was at hand. Not a soul showed his face at the Golden Lion.

This horrible state continued for some time, when it was partially interrupted by the striking of his cuckoo clock. It struck eleven, and as many times the cuckoo made its responses. These sounds, while they lasted, imparted a passing glow of satisfaction, but no sooner were

they gone — no sooner had the last stroke of the clock's hammer sounded through the apartment, than he was left in a more dismal tone of mind than ever. The puff — puff — puff, of the Man with the Nose, which had been drowned by the striking of the time-piece, and its mimic cuckoos, now seemed to peal with three-fold loudness. The whiffs sounded like a blast of wind through the fanners of a mill. He not only heard them with vicious distinctness, but thought that he felt them blowing upon his face. Add to this, the echo of the striking hour and of the cuckoo, which still hovered dream-like over his imagination — the ticking of the clock, as its unwearied pendulum went from side to side, with the crackling of the coal as it blazed merrily in the huge grate, and we have him saluted with a concert of strange sounds, such as never before haunted the fancy of an innkeeper.

Things after this, instead of mending, became momentarily worse. The perspiration rolled in large drops down his forehead. His face was flushed; his hands were clasped convulsively together, while his breath went and came in broken and suffocating paroxysms. To move, to speak, to utter even the merest groan of agony, was impossible; his distress was ex-

treme. He was denied even the wretched comfort of pouring it forth in complaint, while the author of his misery was seated opposite to him smoking with the most stoical and unfeeling indifference. That cursed puff — puff — puff, proceeded incessantly from his lips, and he was so much taken up with it that his mind seemed utterly abstracted from everything else.

Meanwhile, the night continued to wear on apace. The fire in the grate began to get low, at least to emit less glare than formerly — and the unsnuffed candle exhibited, in the midst of its sickly and yellow blaze, a couple of inches of black wick — while the tallow rolled down its sides in liquid streams. The time-piece again struck, and the cuckoo gave its responses. It was twelve o'clock.

A gleam of joy now shot over the mind of the landlord. "It is midnight," thought he, "and he cannot sit longer. He will certainly get up and relieve me from this state of agony." His joy was increased when he saw the Man with the Nose knock out the ashes from his pipe. Alas! it was only to replenish it with a supply of fresh tobacco. His horror at this discovery was augmented tenfold. He saw that the case was hopeless, and that he was yet doomed to endure, for an unknown period, a

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continuance of his misery. The stranger lighted his pipe, and commenced smoking anew.

With this supply the whiffs became more loud and frequent, as if the smoker had received a fresh accession of enjoyment. The clouds of incense rolled in richer and more voluminous masses around him — and contributed by their density to assist in darkening the kitchen, which now, from the decay of the fire and fading light of the neglected candle, had become sufficiently obscure. The landlord saw all this in horrid silence. He marked the tobacco clouds encircling the stranger around. He marked his head involved in their obscurity, but, though all else was invisible, that nose — that mysterious nose, was for ever to be seen. It peered from the misty wreaths like a fiend, and projected forward when the face was no longer to be observed. It was this that tormented the looker-on. It was this that stood perpetually before his eyes, and would not be denied. The longer he looked at it the greater it grew, and the more his desire to look increased. Every moment it stretched out, and was at last a foot in length. How much longer it might have grown it is impossible to ascertain; for its possessor withdrew the pipe, and applied himself to the tankard of ale, during

which interval the smoke rolled away, and exhibited the strange feature in its natural dimensions. This was a relief, but only a transient one. Again was the pipe in his mouth — again did the clouds of smoke rise around him — again did his nose protrude through their dusky barrier, and lengthen as before. This process was repeated several times, and invariably with the same result.

The landlord was now bewildered with terror. Every moment the kitchen was shrouded in blacker gloom. At last, the glittering of the jugs and pans was gone; and the flitches of bacon, lately so shining and prominent, hung like black shapeless masses from the roof. The clock was opposite to him, but he could not discern the letters upon its dial-plate. Its continued ticking sounded distinctly, but not half so loud as the horrible and unnatural puffs from the Man with the Nose.

The obscurity at length became so great that the stranger could hardly be observed, even when unenveloped in the fumes of his tobacco — but his nose was never hid. It projected long, raw, and red, like a firebrand in the midst of darkness. Flesh and blood could withstand this no longer. All at once, in the landlord's imagination, the room grew gloomier — the ticking

of the clock more loud — the puff — puff — puff, more fearfully distinct, while the tremendous nose stretched itself out — a yard in length. This, indeed, was almost the only object to be observed — the immense bacon flitches, and the outlines of the clock, chairs, and table, being scarcely visible. At the same time, horrid forms were seen floating in the tobacco smoke — imps of darkness — snakes — crocodiles — toads — lizards, and all sorts of impure things. They leaped, and crawled, and flew with detestable hisses around — while the stranger grinned, and shook his head, and jabbered in an unearthly voice — his long nose, in the meantime, waving to and fro like a banner, while black demons, with tails and green eyes, sat astride upon it, screeching hideously. The spectacle was more than the landlord could endure, and he fell into a faint.

It was truly a faint, but it did not terminate his miseries. The same puffing fell upon his ears, but much more obscurely than before. He still heard the clock ticking; then it seemed to strike, and was answered by its attendant cuckoo. This had all the remote indistinctness of a dream, and, as such, was shadowed forth with dim obscurity. Nor did the sights he had just witnessed entirely leave him. He still saw

the dreadful nose, and the demons and reptiles floating and crawling in the smoke; but it was now more as a remembered vision than as one actually before him. At last, all these things faded gradually away. The ticking was heard no longer, the puffs became more faint, and at length inaudible; while the nose itself of the fearful man melted into "airy nothing," among the circumambient clouds of tobacco.

On awaking, he looked in vain for the distracting objects which lately preyed upon him. It was broad day, which peered in at the windows, and lighted up the kitchen with the pale, clear lustre of an April morning. The fire was extinguished, with the exception of a few embers which still retained a faint glow of red. The candle was removed from the table on which stood nothing but a few tankards, the whole (save one) full of ale. These he recognised as having been set down the night before to his guests, the barber, the fiddler, and the town-clerk — and remained as they left them, untasted. He himself was seated on his high-backed stuffed arm chair, the fellow of which at the opposite side, stood empty. The Man with the Nose, to his unspeakable satisfaction, was gone, but the pipe he used lay beside his tankard, which was drained to the bottom. On

looking at the clock, he found that it wanted only a few minutes of seven. Having made these observations, and stretched himself, after a previous yawn, he went to the outer door of the house. He could hardly believe that time had passed so rapidly, and still less that he had slept during the preceding night in the kitchen. He inquired anxiously about the Man with the Nose, and was informed that he had ridden off a quarter of an hour before, having handsomely discharged his bill, and slipped a half-crown into the hand of the pretty chambermaid, and another into that of the ostler who had the charge of his horse.

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RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.*

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

SWEET sets the sun on Galilea's sea,
Cresting the waves with rosy brilliancy;
Through the palm forests, and the citron groves,
The evening breeze in balmy fragrance roves;
Nature revives, gone is the sultry hour,
Man wakes to life, and opes again the flower.
A bark has near'd the Gadarenean shore,
Where, on its smooth and golden sparkling floor,
A holy band descends; — with pious air
In the still hour behold they bend in prayer.
Lord of that band, is one of matchless grace,
Beauty and bliss commingling in his face;
Adown a neck, pure as the virgin snow,
His auburn locks in graceful ringlets flow;
Above his head a dazzling halo gleams,
And mildness in his every feature beams.
Breathed is their prayer, while as departs the day,
To Nazareth they slowly bend their way;
When lo! they are descried — the tidings fly —
And "Christ he cometh," — is the gladsome cry.

* Gospel of St. Luke, Chap. viii.

Forth from the city anxious thousands pour
To gaze, to scoff, to worship and adore.
The sick, the lame, the blind his help entreat,
Hang on his garb and kiss his blessed feet.
But who approaches through the wond'ring crowd?
With tott'ring steps — by sorrow's burden bow'd.
Lo! at the Saviour's feet he prostrate falls,
And for his aid in mournful accents calls.
It is the RULER JAIRUS; — on her bier,
A blighted blossom, lies his daughter dear.
"*Lord save my child!*" he cries, "*thy succour give,*
But lay thy hand upon her and she 'll live."
Bland was the smile that lit the Saviour's face,
He raised the father to his heart's embrace;
Around his feeble form, his arms he cast,
And with him to his childless mansion pass'd.
Above the couch, where breathless beauty sleeps,
The mournful mother hangs and wildly weeps;
Into the chamber gentle Jesus goes,
And on the maid a smile of mercy throws, —
He takes her hand, looks upward to the skies,
Then in soft accents sayeth, "MAID ARISE!"
Lo! at the words life sparkles in her eye,
And from her bosom softly comes a sigh;
Her pallid lips a coral hue assume,
And on her cheeks the crimson roses bloom;
The sun of bliss illumes the parents' face,
They clasp their loved one in their fond embrace!
Then to the Lord their grateful off'rings pour,
Fall at his feet, — weep, wonder and adore!

RUINS.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE memory of the past ages of a people hangs over the present life of each generation with a brooding power; like love fostering its offspring by its overshadowing presence.

Our life draws strength from the obscurity that gathers on its cradle. If we could look back to its origin, our powers and hopes would suffer by the limitation of the past. We have a part in the ages that have rolled away, for the spirit of their might descends upon us — our blood is from old heroes. Life indeed is shrunk; it has waxed feeble in the wane of time. But what we feel and behold is not ALL our power; there is something that slumbers within us — of the waters that flowed in pomp, there are streams that yet wind in their buried channels; — though the flame has fallen, there is yet, beneath the ashes, smouldering of the unextinguished fires.

If there be indeed a power in the past, if its spirit has a sway in our life, not merely by the thousandfold unconscious derivation from age to age, but by conscious recollection, not as we are united to it by life as its offspring, but as we stand apart from it contemplating; — then the memorials of the past are important to our life, for in them its shadowy presence hovers over us.

The towers and mouldering fanes, the reft dwelling-places of state, and war, and sanctity, now naked to the clouds, or mantled with the unbidden luxuriance of overgrowing nature — What are these to our present life? — Are they more than the vestiges of a dream, to which other dreams may cling? — Are they more than decaying magnificence and vanishing beauty? And the gleam of recollection that lingers upon them, is it other than the glory on the mountain's head, when the sun has sunk from the sky? They are indeed more than these. They bind the present to the past by links of strong realities. Weak as our imaginations are, and easily loosing all things from their unsubstantial grasp, it is not enough for us to *know* that things have been or are. We know, and yet they disappear from our belief. Our mind, blended with sense, lives more in sense than thought. Our knowledge is only strongly present while it is vouched by sense, and the

substance of reality fades as it grows distant to our eye.

The records of men tell us what they have been; these testify and explain how variously the spirit of humanity has dwelt in its changing body. In these our intelligence of the past lies; and by these we draw down upon ourselves influence from the life of generations that are gone. But the knowledge which reasoning thought is able to build up for itself out of these memorials is yet insufficient; it wants a living presence to our breathing life. We cannot feed on the airy form which memory yields to imagination.

How powerful is the dominion of one age over another, while all the forms with which its life was filled survive in unimpaired, unblemished beauty; while its temples and statues, its groves and gardens, towers, palaces and habitations of men remain; and those that are born seem to walk only upon the grounds of their ancestors. How is that dominion changed when the face of the land changes, when the old habitation of the people is erased from its surface, and the generation that rises sees only around it what it has built and planted for itself on the changing earth. The might of the Druid fell with his oaks.

If we could be transported into distant ages, and could understand the secret laws of their life

we should know in what power the memory of the past remains in its immutable monuments. We should discern how the mound over a dead warrior could eternize his glorious fame, how a stone set up, or a rock marked only on the tongues of the people with a name, were able to bow their spirit in awe to the might of the departed, and to hold fast to the earth recollections that were else winged for their shadowy flight to the realms of forgetfulness.

Even to us, to whom so little remains of the awful might of the past, to us its monuments have their power, and we may trace it in our own bosoms. Even to us, changed on our changed earth, the few and decaying memorials of older time still speak with a living voice. We KNOW, as we stand on the piled stones of the feudal tower, that a race, warlike and mighty dwelt in the land; that the sun which rolls above us shone on their glorious arms. We know what vigor was in human breasts when danger and death might ride abroad; and yet the pride of life was undimmed — its joy untamed. Here was the hall of their feast, and there the forest of their chase. Here knights jousted, here minstrels sung. The strain of the harp is silent, and the dust of the hoofs is laid. But we feel how that strain once thrilled through eager hearts, whether the song of battle

rang in the warrior's ear, like the note of the trumpet, or a softer lay, stealing round the silent board, drew hearts to hearts, blending under the sway of its controlling unison. Here love, and courtesy, and loyal faith, and lofty valor met. Here the young boy bounded in the strength that reared him to future fight. Here the hoary sire taught his son the scorn of death, the dread of shame, and poured down to the future descendants of his loins, the unvanquished spirit of the race.

Surely, it is not idle imagination alone, that thus gathers fantastic illusion on our thoughts, when we seem to bring back the past to the spot where it once was acted. It is our knowledge kindling into reality, by the yet surviving realities of this long-departed time. Let *him* speak, and tell us, who has recalled to our own age the visions of those that are gone, whether these scenes and their impress are in vain for our belief of the past; or what we owe of the splendid dramas of vanished existence that have passed before our eyes, to its yet extant memorials on the hills and vales of his native land; how much of his song is but sounds caught from the echo that still lingers round their mouldering stones.

TO AN EAGLE.

Lone bird! that in the twilight hour art winging
  Thy fearless flight above the valley deep, —
Where the rough river music wild is flinging
  Up through the forest trees that o'er it sweep, —
Say, canst thou tell of that primeval hour,
When gush'd the stream, and sprung each tree and
    flower?

And if thou canst — what changes has thine eye
  Glanced over in this ever changing sphere?
When the red Indian whoop'd the shrill war cry,
  And roam'd with bosom dead to love or fear, —
Hast thou e'er seen the arrow from his bow
With aim unerring lay his foeman low?

Those times are past, and where the wigwam rose, —
  Where sate the council of the brawny braves, —
Upon the eye do reason's works unclose;
  For o'er their race have roll'd time's ceaseless
    waves,
And in their place humanity's mild hand
Beauty and peace has scatter'd o'er the land.

Yet, still this glen, the seal of nature's birth,
Bears on its form — the giant-towering pine,
The oak, the willow, and the moss-clad earth,
The old gray crag, round which the ivy's vine
Its emerald tendrils wreathes — a fitting scene
For thee, bold tenant of the clouds, I ween.

But hark! that sound — from yonder cloud it came,
Deep, hoarse, and muttering, like the roar of war;—
And lo! the flash of the etherial flame;
It is the Storm-god in his fire-girt car: —
Symbolic bird! Rome's ancient legends say,
Thou wast the monarch of the tempest's sway.

And so thou 'rt now — upon the lightning's beam
Thou spread'st thy pinions as in glorious glee;
And with each elemental peal — thy scream
Minglest in wild according harmony.
The forests crash, — beast, bird, and mortal cower,
But thou, lone chief! enjoy'st the tempest hour.

Where is thy dwelling? on yon rugged brow
That frowns above the dark and boiling flood;
Or on yon lightning-rifted pine hast thou
Form'd the rude cradle for thy callowy brood?
Hast thou no terror for thy eyry home,
That thus in savage boldness thou shouldst roam?

That cry, e'en now, was answer to my quest,
For see, thy mate wings to thee through the storm,
Affection's springlet wells within thy breast;
Thou leav'st the gloom to shield her gentle form:
The strife of heaven has lost its charms for thee, —
Thy heart 's a slave to love's felicity.

R. H.

THE VENDEANS.

In the autumn of 1823, being at Thours, where I resolved to spend the succeeding winter, I amused myself, during several walks of delightful weather, by frequent excursions into the surrounding districts, especially those which had been the theatre of the heroic struggles made by the Royalists of La Vendée in the first months of the Revolution. The face of the country has undergone but little change since that period, and I recognised, as I explored it, the scenes of many of the tragedies recorded in the Memoirs of the Marchioness De la Rochejaquelein, with that faithful, yet brief simplicity, which none but a sufferer can give to a tale of real sorrow. To one who has ever read her sad recital, every part of this region is full of interest; but for an ordinary tourist, it possesses few attractions. It presents only a succession of low hills, (or rather swells,) all of nearly equal elevation, sometimes bare and rocky, with a few patches of verdure, sometimes partially clothed with heath and furze, but gen-

erally containing clusters of small fields, divided and fenced by low thick hedges. These hedges are, at irregular distances, planted with trees, which would give the landscape a look of richness and high culture, but the branches being constantly lopped off before they can spread to any considerable size, the trees are furnished only with a scanty and feathery foliage, that seems at first view the stunted growth of a cold and unkind soil, while at a distance it presents the shape of cypresses or aged poplars, giving to the whole region some resemblance to a vast succession of church-yards; no inapt image of La Vendée when the vengeance of the Revolutionary leaders had been satiated by strewing it with its own dead. The inhabitants are an innocent and simple race of people, who seldom travel many miles from their native farms; cheerful, though not quite so gay as their countrymen in other provinces; grateful for kindness, and, rude as they are, susceptible of attachments, strong and devoted in proportion to the narrowness of the circle within which their affections have room to play.

Among the villages thinly scattered over these districts, there was one which I often visited, and in which I had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of rather a singular character, its only respectable inhabitant. He was a thin, middle-

sized man, who seemed, to judge from his hardy constitution and firm step, to be little more than fifty, though his face was so worn and wrinkled, whether from age, hardship, or sorrow, that he looked at least ten years older. He had come a total stranger to the village about two years before, and had purchased a small property in the neighborhood, part of which he farmed himself. Still he continued to reside in the village, where he practiced as an apothecary and surgeon, though as he never took fees from the lower ranks, and as there were scarcely any families of opulence within a circuit of many miles, every one wondered that he should have settled in a place so remote and so poor, that his professional gains could hardly support the expense of his establishment. He was known to be in general rather straightened in his means, with which, however, he contrived to distribute much in charity; and he had lately made himself exceedingly popular in the village by establishing a school, in which he took great interest, and which he visited daily.

M. St. Julien, (for so he was called) was a sensible, well-informed man, and though he came to the neighborhood a perfect stranger to all its inhabitants, he seemed well acquainted with the local history of the country, and especially with

the transactions of the Vendean revolutionary war. In the rambles which we often took together, he pointed out many a spot which had witnessed some deed of heroic valor or merciless atrocity, and seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in recounting the feats and the sufferings of the unhappy Royalists in those terrible times. The family who were then the owners of the little estate of which he was now the proprietor, had been peculiarly unfortunate; and one day, when I accompanied him in a visit to his farm, after he had, according to his custom, looked in upon his few tenants, to inquire, as he said himself, "if they wanted to speak either with the landlord or the doctor," he gave me, as we returned to the village, the following account of his predecessors in the property.

"There is not at this day," he began, after some minutes' silence, "there is not at this day a human creature in this country but myself, who remembers Joseph Tarrant, his family, and his misfortunes. He was, as I have told you, a small proprietor, with little fortune besides the estate which I now hold. He was descended from a family who had once been of some note in the province; but for many generations the Tarrants had shared the fate of the proud castle of their forefathers, the ruins of which are hardly visible

on yonder swell; they had fallen down and mixed with the nameless mass, out of which, like all the great ones of the earth, they must have originally risen. They were, however, much respected; and Joseph, who was a man of strong, sound sense, and who had contrived, with very scanty opportunities, to acquire a tolerable education, was a constant and favorite guest at the houses of the seigneurs and nobles of the neighborhood. Indeed, before the Revolution, there was a less marked distinction of rank (at least in their behavior towards each other) among the inhabitants of this province, than in any other part of France. The landlords, even the highest of the nobility, would visit their tenants, converse with them cordially and freely, and even occasionally take part in their rustic amusements. You perceive that in my humble way, I endeavor to hold up old customs; but times are sadly changed.

"M. Tarrant with his wife, two sons, and a daughter, led, in this retired spot, a life which might be well deemed happy, if to want but little, and have that little supplied, be a test of happiness. Indeed, he used to say, sitting with his wife under that large elm yonder, which stands before what was once his dwelling, and looking on delightedly at the gambols of his children, that, 'if he could only assure himself of making

his little Henri an *avocat*, and so give his degraded house a chance of becoming again distinguished in their native province, he would not desire, and could scarcely imagine, an addition to his enjoyments.'

"This was indeed his ruling wish and chief weakness, for it flattered at once his family pride and his partialities as a father. He fancied that he saw some early marks of genius in his eldest and favorite boy, and from the child's youngest years he cherished certain undefined hopes, that his son would in some way be instrumental in restoring the lost rank and fallen fortunes of his family. He therefore lavished all that he could spare from his immediate necessities upon Henri's education; and to this object he actually sacrificed the interests of Marie and Gabriel, his two other children. He could not afford to give them the advantages which he was barely able to purchase for Henri; and he preferred depriving them of those which were indispensable for their education, to distributing fairly among all his children such means of equal instruction as his fortune allowed. He lived to repent his error.

"I knew Henri from his boyhood. I speak from memory, and at the distance of five-and-thirty years; but he then seemed to me, with

much volatility, to possess qualities that, under judicious culture, might have ripened into virtues. His chief fault was an extravagant opinion of his own powers, which not only made him careless of their cultivation, but led at times to a mulish stubbornness of conduct, very inconsistent with his usual, and, I believe, his natural temper, which was frank, generous, and complying. The excessive praises lavished upon every instance of success in his studies made him negligent of deserving what it was so easy to obtain; and the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, showed its fruits at a very early age in a pettish intolerance of all contradiction. He certainly had talents; but when, at the age of nineteen, he prepared to leave his father's house, to pursue the study of the law in Paris, his information, not obtained gradually and with patient attention, but snatched in fits and starts of brief but intense application, was in part forgotten, and such as he retained floated in lights and shades over his mind, enabling him to do little more than dispute with that positiveness which is the sure mark of half-knowledge.

"Long before the period of Henri's departure, his father had become conscious of the mistake he had committed in his son's education, and of his injustice to his other children. He was a

man of a serious, and rather a religious turn, and some trifling acts of disobedience in his favorite boy, seemed at once a just retribution for his errors as a parent, and an omen of future and still more bitter disappointments. He felt, in the conduct of his son, how keen is the sense of ill-requited kindness, — a feeling which it is in all cases hard enough to bear, but which wounds with a venom, for which nature affords no cure, when it stings the heart of a father. The dutiful and affectionate behavior of his other children, too young to have observed his neglect, would have given a solace in other griefs, but to Tarrant only furnished additional motives for self-reproach, by showing that the children who deserved the most, had received the least of their parents' kindness.

"Unhappily, too, Madame Tarrant had more than shared her husband's weakness. Henri had been rather sickly when an infant, and the cares and anxieties she then felt, gave him an interest in her affections, which became still stronger and more exclusive as he grew up to manhood. Besides, he had in personal appearance, much the advantage of his brother, and Madame Tarrant was not the first mother who contracted an unreasonable partiality for the superior beauties of one beloved child.

"But though Henri had been spoiled by indulgence, it had not destroyed his affections. His habits, though not yet actually vicious, were so far depraved, that he was in general the headlong victim of his own self-will; but the heart was still untainted; and as the time approached when he was to bid a long adieu to his family and home, — to the haunts and the friends of his boyhood, — he betrayed a seriousness and softening of temper, from which his father formed the most flattering auguries. It seemed as if, in pondering upon some part of his past conduct, his own reflections charged him with faults, for which he desired to atone in the short space during which he was now to remain with his family.

"The 19th of October, 1790, was the day appointed for his departure. The preceding day was spent by his mother and sister in preparing matters for his journey, — a task which is always a painful one, even when friends part for a shorter period than three years, the time which Henri was to devote to his professional studies in Paris. He was the darling of his sister, whom he in turn tenderly loved; and he continued the whole day in the apartment where she and his mother were busy in arrang-

ing his trunks, books, and clothes — sometimes mingling his tears with theirs — sometimes cheering them with gay anticipations of many a merry and happy meeting. Marie occasionally joined in these comforting topics, but Madame Tarrant could not. There seemed a load upon her heart, heavier than the mere thoughts of the present hour could make it, and appearing to take much of its weight from some sad forebodings, which she sometimes expressed, for which she knew not how to account, but which she could not stifle.

"Such hours as these, my young friend," continued M. St. Julien, "full as they are of painful tenderness, are some of the purest, the holiest, the best of our existence. All the sluices of the affections are opened, and the heart pours out the full tide of its emotions, unrestrained by that cold and hardening mockery, with which the world, by an absurd and cruel inconsistency, seeks to extinguish the feelings that every human creature in it at some time or other loves to cherish. It is to times and scenes like these that the mind will turn, with a sickening sense of reproach and humiliation, when conscience points to something committed, or about to be committed, which would give shame and sorrow to those who, at some such

time, have joined with us in feelings of pure and earnest affection. So it is that Providence moulds and governs nations; so it is that domestic sympathies fence and warn virtue; so it is that the child who is reared under his parents' eyes, and in company with those who are bound to him in blood and fondness, carries with him to his grave, a train of early and cherished recollections, — a foundation of morals and religion which no mere systems ever did or ever will supply. As far as I can judge, and I have had good means of knowing it, Henri Tarrant never wholly lost the remembrance of that day, and of the evening that closed it.

"The family, after they had finished their frugal and early supper, were collected upon seats drawn round a large parlor window, within which it was M. Tarrant's custom, on summer and autumn evenings, to sit upon his arm-chair with his family about him, looking on at the various arrangements made at the approach of night upon his farm, of a great part of which the window afforded a prospect. Their family meal had been silent and mournful, — for it was the last, for three years, which Henri was to partake with them; — and they continued for some time gazing upon the little landscape of their native spot, over which, night was now

drawing her curtain. The moon had just risen, and shone full and clear upon the thoughtful group; and now and then showed, by a tear glistening in the eye, or falling upon some part of the dress, what were the reflections which engaged them all in common. The hushed stillness of the hour, broken only by the bleating of a sheep, or the rushing of a little waterfall that tumbled and sparkled at the bottom of the lawn, — the pale pure cold light of an October moon, looking mournfully down from a clear, and, as yet, a starless sky, — were so much in character with their feelings, that all were disinclined, by speaking, or by moving, to interrupt the silence. At length, M. Tarrant spoke: —

"'Henri, my child, 'tis growing late, and you have still some arrangements to make for to-morrow; — come near me.'

"Henri approached his father, but he did not conceal his emotion.

"'Cheer up; cheer up, my boy! — We shall all meet happily yet. It is not manly to grieve so for a three years' absence. Many sad things may, doubtless, happen, during that time; but I hope — I hope —.'

"It was an ineffectual effort at firmness. Nature burst her way; — and before M. Tarrant

ceased to speak, the son and the father were sobbing on each other's bosoms.

"'This is mere folly,' said M. Tarrant, after a few seconds' indulgence. 'And yet, I believe I would not wholly suppress it. Look round you, Henri; see these streaming eyes; — hear the sound of your sister's and your mother's weeping; — see the weakness of your elder but not more firm father; — and, oh, my child! remember this hour; — may the time never come when your heart can tell you, you do not deserve this fondness!"

"Henri sunk upon his knees at his father's feet; but he was too full for utterance. Perhaps no youth ever made a more sincere and earnest vow than he did at that moment, never to forfeit his title to those affections, for the loss of which it seemed that this wide world could afford no compensation.

"'Henri,' continued M. Tarrant, 'attend to me. I have delayed till this last hour to offer you, — not the injunction or commands merely, my dear boy, but the earnest and solemn request of an anxious parent. You are going to a place full of temptations of all kinds. From many of them, I trust in God, your religion, and the moral habits in which you have been reared, will secure you. But there are two dangers

which I here give you my parental and solemn warning to shun; the gambling companies, — nurseries for the prison and the scaffold, — that abound in Paris; and the political clubs that it is said are now forming there. As to gaming, Henri, I shall not now urge the miseries to which it leads, often and often I have spoken to you on this theme; but remember, that what I give you for your support, and to defray the charges of your studies, is wrung from our hard savings. If you remember *that*, I know you will never put upon the hazard of a die, what your father only affords you at the expense of many privations. Beware, then, on that account, of the vice of gaming; but beware of it for this also; — that of all the vices which debase human nature, it is perhaps that which steels the heart in the hardest insensibility to all the charities and sympathies that make the world worth living for. Politics you will learn, as you learn the laws and history of your country. Go not into these new clubs and societies. Your ancestors fought and bled, and sacrificed their fortunes and lives in the cause of loyalty. Do not tempt the danger of being perverted from this sacred cause; — a cause dear to all true Frenchmen; a cause which patriotism and religion unite to consecrate. These new philoso-

phers, who would change, or as they say, reform a condition in which we have been glorious as well as happy, are to be feared in this, Henri, — that they are levelling their deadliest blows at religion; a clear proof that they attack the state more through a hatred of piety than from mere hostility to pretended political abuses. They are yet cautious and moderate; but do not trust them. There are signs as if some dire convulsion were at hand. Keep your hands unfettered, your mind uncontaminated. Stand aloof until the day of trial; and if that day shall come, old Joseph Tarrant tells his son to be ready at the post of loyalty, duty, and honor, and maintain the principles which his ancestors met poverty, ignominy, and death, in defending.'

"The next morning, as it dawned, found Henri on his way to Paris. The events of the preceding evening were too full in his recollection to allow even the novelties of the journey, the longest he had ever travelled from home, to have much effect upon his spirits. But on the second day, the constant succession of new objects, the bustle of the towns, and the varieties of the country through which his journey lay, by degrees led his thoughts from the little circle in which he had passed his youth, to the great world which he was about to

enter. He therefore approached Paris with a mind wholly engrossed by contemplations of the future, and with somewhat of that mixed feeling of fear and expectancy with which a mariner of little skill might be supposed to launch an untried bark upon a wide and treacherous sea.

"Fear, certainly, predominated for a long time, after he had settled in Paris and commenced his studies. Left to his own guidance, he felt as if a charge had been committed to him which he was unequal to manage; and at every step he apprehended disaster. He was beset with temptations; but he shunned them, as a weak person avoids a powerful, dangerous, and forward foe. For many months his letters breathed nothing but indignation at the vices of Paris, and his determination to preserve himself from their infection. He gave regular and earnest assurances to his father, that he successfully resisted all solicitations, (and they were numerous and pressing,) which he received to join the associates of his studies, who were much addicted to gambling and some of whom were very active members of the reading societies and debating clubs which were then increasing in numbers, and becoming every day more and more distinguished by the boldness and publicity of their proceedings.

"I need not describe a father's pride and joy at finding in his own son even a better temper and a wiser conduct than he had dared to hope for. M. Tarrant's replies proved how fully, and yet how easily, a child can repay the cares and fondness of a parent. To do Henri but justice, the happiness which he perceived his good conduct conferred upon his father, served to prolong the watchful guard which he held upon his actions. But his habits had not been formed for a continuance of self-restraint. Warm as his affections were, they were not strong enough to cope with the monster Self-will, which had been nourished within him by indulgence, and had grown in strength as he had advanced in age. His letters, towards the end of a year from his departure, became brief and infrequent. After some time, they contained little else than notices of the expenses of a Paris life, and pressing demands for money. And at length, when M. Tarrant, after many remonstrances, and after having mortgaged part of his little estate to answer these unreasonable calls, pointed out the absolute impossibility of supplying farther sums from a property which was now become insufficient even for the decent support of his family, Henri wholly dropped the cor-

respondence. He changed his abode in town; and though M. Tarrant, almost distracted with apprehensions of the death or ruin of his child, wrote repeatedly to some of the few persons he knew in Paris, he received no tidings of Henri. The revolution had broken out, and M. Tarrant was prevented from quitting his own district to make personal inquiries for his son. After a long period of anxiety and expectation, it seemed to him but too probable that Henri had joined some of the revolutionary factions, or had perished in one of the massacres at Paris.

"Henri had joined in the revolution, its madness and its excesses; but he had escaped its proscriptions. His abandonment of his early principles and virtuous habits was gradual, and was not completed without many struggles. As if Providence designed to afford him a warning at each wrong step he took, his progress to guilt was by the very road against which he had been cautioned by his father. Some of the dark and cunning spirits, who, at the beginning of the political changes, worked incessantly to ensnare partizans, had contrived to make the blandishments of private vices subservient to their political designs. They established houses of entertainment of various descriptions, into which the

young and unwary were allured; and then, when their victims were heated with the excesses practised there, and were inclined to join in any pursuits the partners of their vices, these corrupters hurried them into some crowd of revolutionists, engaged in fervid debate, and coloring the most nefarious projects with the language and the sentiments of pure philanthropy and patriotic enthusiasm. It was at such a place and time that Henri became infected with the contagious frenzy of republicanism. He had been persuaded, after many refusals, to visit a gaming-house, which was a favorite place of resort to some most intimate associates. The recollection of his father's last words stung him as he entered; but he went determined not to play, and he kept his resolution. Encouraged by the forbearance to which he found himself equal, he fell at length into the practice of visiting the place as a sort of lounge, looking on at his friends, but still refraining from play. He soon became familiar with these scenes; gambling lost its horrors for him; he had passed the threshold of the temple of vice, and it was not long before he began the worship which he saw all but himself practising within it. In short, he yielded to the entreaties, the encouragement, and the ridicule of his associates; and in a little

time became a constant attendant at the gaming table. He had, like other gamblers, his vicissitudes of good and ill fortune; but having exhausted his father's means, he, on one evening, after a run of ill-luck, staked, in despair, his all upon a single cast — and lost it. It was a moment of wildness and tempest of the passions. Virtue had lost her habitual hold, and he was like a skiff upon the waters, unoared, unrudderred, and unanchored — ready to move as the current might drift it. His companions adjourned to a neighboring political club. He walked with the crowd, and assisted in one of those stormy and portentous debates, which so often ended in maddening the auditors to a resolution, promptly executed, to commit, as essential to the common weal, some instant act of lawless violence. The meeting broke up in tumult; the members proceeded in a body to their work of atrocity. Henri, fired by example, and desperate at his state of total destitution, which seemed to leave him no refuge but in the public ruin, joined in their wildest excesses, and became too far committed to avail himself of a moment of repentance and reflection, even were that moment allowed him — but it was not. His sanguine temper had made him a leader in the disorder which he at first only thought he shared; and he was obliged

to take an active, though subordinate post among the faction which he had joined. The speed with which a character can be changed in times of public convulsion would be incredible, if facts did not terribly attest it. At the miserable period of our revolution, I have seen the mildest and best natures so soured and hardened by atrocious usage, or by a familiarity with crimes which they were compelled to witness, or driven, at first, by the force of circumstances, to share, that in the end they seemed to have the tempers not of men, but of demons. But civil wars only make that more glaring and manifest which occurs less obtrusively in the most quiet times. Character must ever be the result of habit and example; and he who trusts his virtue in the neighborhood of vice will find, that the diseases of the mind are but too like the contagious distempers of the body — as infectious, and as deadly.

"So it was with Henri Tarrant. For a while he shuddered at the deeds which it became his part to assist in perpetrating. He objected, he remonstrated; but he only made himself suspected by his party, who talked of treason when he spoke of mercy or of justice. He found himself, therefore, obliged, at first, to abandon humanity for self-preservation; after some time, his con-

science ceased to prompt when he ceased to listen to its dictates; and at length he became a proselyte to the doctrines and arguments which flattered him, by seeming to excuse or palliate the courses that he considered it impossible to avoid. Paris, however, was a place so dangerous alike to those of moderation and humanity, and those who adopted measures of the sternest rigor, that he seized the first opportunity of procuring a commission in the revolutionary army, and was soon after ordered on active service.

"In the meantime, La Vendée had become the theatre of a conflict as singular in its character, and as sanguinary as any which history records. The people of this district were equally remarkable for their primitive and simple manners, and for a strong attachment to their religion and to the persons of their clergy. At first they regarded the distant din of the revolution as they would the sound of a remote torrent. They were peaceful and contented, and exempt from many of the abuses which prevailed in other parts of France. They therefore felt little interest in the political changes which were occurring in the metropolis. But when it was attempted to put in execution the decree, suspending and degrading such of their pastors as would not take the revolutionary oath, which the

clergy of La Vendée, almost to a man, rejected, the people became frantic. The lowest ranks were the first to arm, and the gentry, who were mostly staunch royalists, but who feared that the country was not yet ripe for revolt, were in some instances compelled, against their declared wishes, to head a populace, excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in the cause of their king and their religion.

"The peasantry in the immediate neighborhood of M. Tarrant, were distinguished by a more than ordinary degree of activity and ardor. They were foremost among those who gained the first considerable advantage over the revolutionary troops. M. Tarrant had, by the universal voice, been chosen their leader; and forgetting his age and the infirmities which were growing fast upon him, he displayed in the field all the eager valor of the stoutest and youngest of his followers. His son Gabriel, too, rendered important services; and when the youth distinguished himself by some signal act of bravery, the old gentleman would cry, 'Well done, my dear boy! Right, Gabriel; right, my boy! But where is Henri — where is Henri — if he be indeed alive, that he is not fighting by his father's side in such a cause as this?'

"I need not detail to you the successes and reverses of this miserable and hopeless contest. After prodigies of valor and patient suffering, the unhappy Vendeans were overpowered by numbers. The vengeance of the victors was ample and terrible. During a considerable part of the war, no quarter was given on either side; the whole of the country presented only one wide succession of smoking ruins. The streets of every town which lay in the march of the merciless conquerors, literally ran blood. After the decisive battle of Chollet, a mixed and harassed host of upwards of eighty thousand human beings, of all sexes and conditions, sickly and decrepit old men, weak and affrighted women, half-naked and famished children, wounded peasants, and the remnant of them who saved their lives and arms in the battle, rolled on towards the Loire, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, but seeking, like a drove of panic-struck and hunted cattle, some refuge from the dreadful scourge that followed fast behind them. M. Tarrant had been wounded in the last engagement, and with difficulty made his way among the crowd, supported by his daughter, who, in the midst of these terrible trials, never lost her resolution. Madame Tarrant, who had been for some months

rapidly declining, was assisted forward by her son. Unfortunately, they deviated a little from the track of the other fugitives, hoping, by following some of the by-roads which Gabriel thought he knew, and which were little frequented, to gain more easily the heights of St. Ferment, the point to which all were hastening, with the design of escaping across the Loire. They proceeded a considerable space onward, the high ground which was their landmark being hidden from their view; but they missed their way among the lanes and valleys with which all this country abounds, and when they believed they had nearly reached the point of rendezvous, they found themselves upon the bank of the river, upwards of two miles from their place of refuge. At this moment, several peasants passed them in great trepidation, crying, 'The Blues! The Blues! (so the revolutionary soldiers were called;) and urging instant speed, — 'Fly, fly, my children!' cried M. and Madame Tarrant, at the same moment, 'We must perish at all events — escape while you can!' It was a moment of life and death. Gabriel looked towards the heights of St. Ferment, and saw the first body of fugitives safe on the opposite bank of the river, and the rest following, apparently unpursued. The peasants

who yet remained with the family urged the daughter, at least, to escape from the fate that awaited her. One of them, who remonstrated most strongly, was a neighbor of M. Tarrant's, and he even caught the arm of Marie, and strove to force her away. For an instant, Gabriel seemed irresolute, but he cast a glance at his sister, and that glance confirmed him. Her arm was clasped round her mother's, who at the sudden alarm would have sunk, but for her support; and her eyes were cast upwards with an expression in which fixed resolution was blended with humble and devout resignation.

"'Here, then, we remain,' said Gabriel, as a party of the Blues appeared on an eminence of the road, a few yards distant. 'We shall live, or die together.'

"The revolutionary troops were guarding a number of prisoners whom they drove forward laden with forage. They stopped short upon seeing how near they had come to the flying host, which was crossing the river at St. Ferment, and as they were but a small party, sent out to scour the country for provisions, they did not choose to approach nearer to St. Ferment, lest they might fall in with some straggling band of their opponents more numerous than their own. Two of the foremost lifted their sabres to cut

down the Tarrant's; but another called out that the commanding officer, who was at a little distance behind, had given orders to spare, for the present, all the prisoners they might meet, in order that, by distributing among them the burdens with which the other wretches were overladen, they might proceed more quickly to the town to which they were to return before night, and which was several miles distant. The Tarrants were then loaded and driven on with the rest of the crowd. Marie and Gabriel asked for double weight, and implored that their aged parents might be freed from burdens which they could not bear; but they were answered with sabre-blows from the soldiers. The old man, and his sick and feeble wife, were compelled to bear their load with the rest, and the whole group moved towards the town, the prisoners being goaded on by the swords and bayonets of the soldiery. What would have been the agony of this aged couple, had they known that the troops which had thus come upon them were commanded by their own son! Henri Tarrant was the officer of the party. But his station during this march, was some hundred yards to the rear, and his miserable parents were spared the anguish of the discovery.

"When they reached the town, the prisoners, on being unloaded, were distributed without food,

among the houses of a large square, which the sword had cleared of its inhabitants during the day; and which served as prisons for the victims until their savage guards, to use their own language, 'had leisure' to dispatch them.

"It was the practice, during this inhuman war, to assign an officer and his party, during the night, the task, (as the phrase was) of 'clearing the prisons;' that is, of butchering the prisoners in cold blood. About midnight, the cries which burst from several parts of the square, announced that the business of slaughter had begun. House after house was searched and cleaned. The officer (it was a part of his ordinary duty) preceded the soldiers, opened the door, and directed them in their bloody work. They had visited all the houses but one, and as that stood at a little distance from the others, the soldiers were retiring without having noticed it; when their captain, who had approached, and discovered that it contained some victims not yet immolated, called the soldiers back, entered the house, and ascended the stairs which led to the room where the prisoners were confined. A broken door had been nailed up to secure them, and, had they not have been too feeble for the exertion, they might have torn it down without much difficulty, and so have probably escaped; for that part of the square had

been left nearly unguarded. They did not appear to have made any such effort. The officer looked through the chinks of the shattered door; the moon shone full in through a barred window; and Henri Tarrant (for it was he) saw by its light, his father, bending in mute anguish over the body of his mother, who seemed to have just expired in the arms of her children. Time was precious; — but it was lost. So sudden, so appalling was the discovery, that Henri gazed on stupidly for a few seconds.

" ' The spirit has fled to its last resting place,' said M. Tarrant, lifting his face upwards. ' Soon shall we all meet there. Providence is wise, my children, and we must not murmur. — Henri! Henri! she blessed you as she died. Would to God, that I, too, before I die, could see and bless you! — Three years have this night passed since ' —

" Henri was awakened to the passing peril of the moment. He essayed to rush down and order off the soldiers; but a file of a serjeant and five or six grenadiers had passed quickly up stairs, without knowing that their officer had entered: and though they bore lights, not observing him in their haste, they overturned him in the press. What followed was the work of a moment. The door was burst open at a plunge.

Marie, when she saw the soldiers approach, flung herself between them and her father; but her cry of filial anguish, before it was fully breathed out, became the shriek of death. In an instant her lifeless body quivered upon a bayonet, Gabriel received another mortal thrust, aimed, like the former, at his father; and before ——."

Here M. St. Julien paused for the first time since he had begun this miserable narrative. he added hurriedly; — "Just as I rushed forward to save my father, a blow from a sabre cleft his grey head, and he fell upon the weltering heap, — the bodies of my mother, my sister, and my brother — all — all brought to death by my means, and three of them slaughtered before my eyes, and under my authority!"

I recoiled with horror at this dreadful confession, and could not for some moments bear to address a man, who stood before me a self-convicted parricide. He perceived what I felt, and said: —

"I did not purpose making this avowal, but guilt is a poor dissembler. You abhor me. It is but just — yet hear me. Listen a little farther to the most wretched penitent that ever sought to atone, in a life of misery and sorrow, for crimes, at the bare mention of which humanity shudders. You are young; perhaps you are yet innocent;

perhaps, too, you have parents. You live in times free from the distractions of those atrocities, the example and the frequency of which rob man of all that is human in his nature. But every season, and every age of man, and of the world, has its own dangers. Take from my history a solemn warning.

"Mark how I fell. My first crime was disobedience. Had I never entered a gaming-house, I would have become unpopular with my associates; and in separating from them, I would have been cut off from the contagion of their atrocious vices. Again, my second crime was disobedience also, to which I was led by the first. Had I not entered a political club, I might have escaped the bloody work of the revolutionary demons. Had I, in short, followed my father's injunctions, given on the eve of my departure from home, I would not have been, in three years from that very evening, the occasion of his murder. But so it is. Take but one step in crime, and you glide as on a downward plane of ice; — it is a special mercy of Heaven if your criminal course be arrested; — and on that who dare reckon?

For me, I had filled up the measure of my crimes. I immediately quitted the army. The accidents of the times, and the laws of indemnity,

saved me from death — but not from punishment. Parricide was written in fiery characters in my brain; there they are still, and there they will remain for ever. During many years, I labored at a profession which allowed me the privacy suited to repentance; designing, if I could compass it, to purchase the spot (forfeited at the Vendean insurrection) on which I had spent the years of my innocence, and to pass the remainder of my life in dispensing some little benefit among my fellow-creatures. The storms of the Revolution have swept off all by whom I could be personally remembered here, and my change of name prevents any suspicion of my identity. I shall spend the days that are left me in assuaging pain, as some wretched effort at atonement for the agonies I have caused, and in diffusing among the youth around me, as far as my scanty means allow, those principles of virtue, and those truths of religion, which I once learned from the fondest of mothers; and which, notwithstanding all the unhappy errors of my education, and all the deep guilt with which I have since been covered, give, even to such a wretch as I am, a consolation in misery here, — a hope of mercy hereafter."

SONG.

BY THE LATE JAMES HOGG,

The Ettrick Shepherd.*

Dear is the blush o' the rosy red rowan,
Sweet is the breath o' the young clover lea;
Pure is the breast o' the bonny ewe-gowan,
For Oh! my young May, they are emblems o' thee.
Then when the bee to his moor-bink is winging,
And the woods are alive wi' the coo o' the dove;
And the gloamin' afar its mantle is flinging,
Come to my shieling, Oh! come to me, love.

If vice for one moment my true heart be leading,
To injure thy beauty, my guide and my stay,
Cast thy mild modest glance in purity pleading,
And my error will vanish like darkness 'fore day.
Then when the bee to his moor-bink is winging,
And the woods are alive wi' the coo o' the dove,
And the gloamin' afar its mantle is flinging,
Come to my shieling, Oh! come to me, love.

* Never before published.

THE WOMEN OF THE MAY FLOWER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

In the north-eastern part of our country there is a lowly evergreen plant, a species of the arbutus, I believe, for I have never analysed it, — we never do analyse anything that we love, — but which is called by children and people who do not affect to be scientific, the May Flower. It has an exceedingly delicate and lovely flower of a pale pink, growing in clusters amid the rich evergreen leaves, and so fragrant as to scent the air with its violet-like perfume. I remember the delight with which, in my childhood, I used to join our group of school-girls in quest of this harbinger of spring, peering with its sunny yet timid aspect from amid

"The springy moss just crisping back,"

as the little foot of a companion left the yet spongy hillock.

The first of May is a great day to the child of that northern climate, pent for so many months from the green blessedness of nature; and my heart beats now at the remembered thrill, and the spontaneous shout, that recorded the discovery of a "May Flower." How the little group gathered about it. How daintily we took it from the wet soil. How eagerly it passed from nose to nose. Your pardon, reader, if you have not a proper respect for that delicate sense, the perfection of which is the best indication of "thorough breeding."

How the cry of "May Flowers! May Flowers!" extended the circle. How the girls came leaping and bounding from knoll to knoll, over "sodden logs," out from the verge of the woods, down from the ledge, round by the black pool, and all up to the bit of firm ground upon the side of the hill, where the May Flower had ventured thus into the sunshine, although

"The snow yet in the hollow lies."

God be praised for the memory of such things; and for the love he has planted in our hearts for his own beautiful creations. The love that will make us encounter peril and discomfort in any shape, that we may look upon his "handy work." The heart has much to fear for itself, that does

not glow with pleasure at the sight of a flower; it has wandered far from the gate of heaven; for the sense of the beautiful is the link that binds us to the angels.

At first sight, the name, "May Flower," for this lovely yet lowly evergreen, appearing as it often does in sunny spots and uplands even in March, when the season is moderate, ready to bloom at the first caressings of sunshine in our cold northern latitude, seems inefficient and indefinite; but a glance at historic association will give the name, "May Flower," a peculiar and touching appositeness.

It was the name of the frail barque that bore the Pilgrims to our shores. This pale, pink blossom, with its surpassing fragrance, was the first to greet the eye of woman, when the bleak winter abated its rigors; and the sunshine, in revealing its beauty, whispered, all is not utterly barren and desolate in this "howling wilderness;" and she called it the May Flower; partly in reference to the ship that had borne her hither, partly in memory of the May-pole bedecked with blossoms in "fatherland."

To me, this flower is a link binding the sex of the present day to the suffering, struggling, devoted, and unrecorded matrons of that day of hardy toil, and self-sacrificing love and duty. I

look into its meek face, and see in my mind's eye, the pale, drooping women of those days, who stifled the weakness of the sex, smothered the heart's yearnings, and nobly and patiently died, while their stern husbands and fathers laid the corner-stone of empire, and planted in the midst of blood and peril the handful of corn, the "fruit thereof to shake like Lebanon."

Aye, touching, most touching, in this point of view, does this blossom become to me, emblematic as flowers always are of the tenderness, the beauty, and the devotedness of woman, blessing with her life-restoring love, not the garden and the palace wall alone, but the waste places of poverty, and the desolate and arid wilds of grief and pain.

The May Flower, blooming amidst sleet and snows, fragrant, lowly, evergreen, and most beautiful, is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of the wives and the daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers. This one blossom decking the hoary crown of winter, is like the pitying gift of spring, so they with their hardy graces must have served somewhat to abate the savageness of virtue in those hard principled, hard thinking men; — and here let me not be supposed to speak irreverently.

It has sometimes been attempted to soften down the asperities of the Pilgrim character into something more accordant with the genialities of

life, than what appears upon the face of history. It is a futile task. They were men of a great age, men habituated to daring and subtle thought, who had learned to grasp what they believed to be truth, even with the desperation of those who clung to the horns of the altar; and they had accustomed themselves to the heroic bearing of those ready to lay down their lives for its sake. They were Cromwell-men, Milton-men, full of the arrogance of manly prerogative, little careful for the gentleness suited to lady's bower; and rarely disposed to turn aside to the "delectable fields" of merely domestic enjoyment.

Indeed, men who had nobly converted the hearth stone into an altar for the Most High; and each declared himself, "Priest unto the Lord," in the stern simplicity of primitive worship, inasmuch as they had spurned from them the vestments of popery, were likely in assuming the sacred office, by an instinctive reverence, to assume a portion of the monkishness hitherto associated therewith, and hence arose, in part, that severity of life, that sternness of discipline, that ascetic renunciation of the natural tendencies of the human heart, that rejection of human sympathy, and rooting out as it were of human sensibilities.

They had engrafted the unyieldingness of the stoic upon the sublime charities of Jesus, and

nerved themselves to a superiority to the ordinary emotions of humanity. They had searched for truth, and having found what they regarded as such, they rightly judged, that no truth is of value except as it becomes a principle of action. Alas! truth is always progressive, always moving in a path forever brightening to her followers, but prejudice and error seize upon him who dares to *stop* in her pathway, as did the men of those days.

The Pilgrims were *not* men full of the sweet charities of life. They were men for reverence, not for love. They were men of severe duty, often of high thought, men jealous of freedom, tenacious of principle, yet men of a wondrous subtlety of logic, by which however arbitrary, cruel and unjust became their civil and ecclesiastical decisions, they were able to make them square with the principles of their association, and the great objects of the colony.

I say not this to disparage these venerable men. One whose veins are coursed with the Pilgrim blood is not likely to undervalue it. But it would be imputing to them super-human power of mind, to suppose that these men, exiles from their native land, volunteers indeed, yet exiles,— and every patriot will understand the depth of the sentiment of love for one's country-sufferers from famine, and from pestilence, with inadequate shelter from

an inclement latitude; weighed by the gloom of measureless and unknown forests, haunted by the faith in the supernatural, augmented into tenfold power by the solitude and immensity of nature, and daily and hourly exposed to savage warfare; it would, I say, be imputing to such men superhuman powers of mind, to suppose they could preserve the vividness and the magnanimity of thought under such circumstances, far less, that they could indulge in the softening charities of life.

No, no! the Pilgrims learned to reject these things as subordinate to the great purposes of their mission. They subdued the promptings of nature, that they might be unshackled in the contest which it involved. They stifled the pleadings of their own hearts, that thought might be free and triumphant; and, alas! in our goodly heritage of political and intellectual freedom, they have bequeathed also a portion of their religious intolerance, and that very hardness of character, that superiority of thought over affection, which to them was a secret of power and success.

So far as our sex is concerned, the records of those times are barren indeed; yet, where woman is, as in that day of peril and darkness and bereavement and cold intellectual speculation, there must have been griefs, bitter and heart-breaking.

There must have been crushed affections, yearnings for tenderness and sympathy, too great for womanly endurance, sobbings stifled in the sternness of duty, and a weariness of life hard to be borne. Yet from this must have arisen a desire to cope with these lords of creation, in thought at least, if that was from henceforth to be the ground of sympathy, for woman is sure to look about for new combinations for affection; a new form of the altar, since the old is destroyed, upon which she may hang the sweet garlands of her love.

Hence she began to think, to cavil; hence we have to this day, the tendency to identify ourselves with the principles, whether in politics or religion, of those we love, not blindly, but with searchingness and patient thought. Hence the restless action of the female mind throughout New England, and that preponderance of intellectual development, so remarkable, and becoming defective, not only in point of beauty, but moral harmony.

In the earliest settlement of the colony, barren as are the details of the times in that respect, we have three remarkable types of womanhood recorded as episodes in our colonial history; for historians rarely, in recounting events in which

women are concerned, give a straightforward, manful detail, but content themselves with an "aside," as it were; and this is to be understood as a proper tribute to the modesty of the sex, which is to shrink from justice, even if it involve publicity.

The first type is in that of the mother of Peregrine White, who must have been a cheerful, active, beautiful woman, able to cope in an off-hand practical manner with the worst hardships of a new world life. She must have had a certain audacious affectionateness, by which she discovered the ferocity of polemic discussion, or Nathaniel Morton would never have thought it worth while to notice the birth of little Peregrine, in the midst of his registry of the hardships of the "godly."

The second was the lady Arabella Jonson, whose brief history is far more touchingly affective than any embellishment of fancy. She and her husband, who survived her but a few weeks, had sadly mistaken their vocation, when in the excess of religious and political zeal they tempted the hardships of the wilderness.

The slight glimpse which we have of Arabella Jonson is one of perfect loveliness: full of the tenderness of sentiment, and the refinement of elegant life. She is a creature the imagination delights to contemplate, whose moral greatness

made her forget her disabilities of physical power; whose intellect seems only second to her delicacy and tenderness, and these again subordinate to her resolute devotedness. She is the embodied poetry of the Pilgrim race.

The third is Anne Hutchinson, a woman altogether so remarkable, as to throw the whole colony into a ferment by the vigor of her understanding, and the force and boldness with which she advocated her opinions. She it was who occasioned the meeting of the first synod in America, who came together expressly to examine and condemn what were called her heresies.

We at this late day, with only the bald details of her opposers upon which to base our opinions of her character, can hardly hope to do justice to one so superior to the generality of her sex. If her courage was not feminine it was at least, Pilgrim-like. It was equal to those of the other sex with whom she had to compete, and far above that of the women of the day, who till she began to question the doctrines of the leaders, and to look at their dogmas with her acuteness of perception, and wondrous grasp of reason, had tamely echoed their thoughts, and submitted to their exactions.

But Anne Hutchinson began to collect the women of the colony in her own house, and ex-

amine coolly and keenly the nature of opinions. This alarmed the authorities, and she was called up for public examination into what were assumed to be heresies, because they were opinions conflicting with those of the times. Nothing can exceed the clear and vigorous manner in which she defended herself upon this occasion. Of her subsequent banishment and her many misfortunes, we must not write, as they are historic, and would alter the purport of this paper, which is simply to exhibit the rill, up in the recesses of the mountain, which, joining itself to others, in the process of time, swells to the overflowing river.

Anne Hutchinson with her affluence of thought, and her clear vigorous understanding, her searching and courageous power of combination, so beyond the age in which she lived, stands out as the type of intellectual woman, and is the base of that large class of thinkers in that section of the country, who command the respect of the other sex, and sometimes provoke their fears; and who, if not loyal to themselves, and single in their search for truth, may be used hereafter by those who dare not hope to suppress them, (since "banishment" now would little obviate the difficulty,) as were their lively sisters the other side of the water, when they were enrolled by the Illuminee

into lodges and made subservient to the progress of revolution.

God grant, that the restless power of thought, so characteristic of a New England woman, may keep even pace with the developed harmonies of what is truly womanly, and that the religion which has so much to do with the head, may never retire from the citadel of the heart. Yet must she not be blamed for her pertinacious questionings since doctrine in every possible shape, is thrust in her way, and the evils of heresy so often forced upon her thoughts, that she naturally begins to inquire wherein it consists. From the days of the Pilgrims, downwards, this has been the case; in the pulpit and by the fire-side; and even the dying benediction partakes of that model left by "Mr. Thomas Dudley, the pillar of the colony of the Massachusetts;" who leaves his poetic injunction in this wise: —

> "Farewell dear wife, children and friends,
> *Hate heresy*, make blessed ends."

I THINK OF THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.

I THINK of thee, love! when the morning's ray
O'er ocean gleams;
I think of thee, love! when the moonbeams play
On glassy streams.

I see thee, dearest! on the distant strath,
When clouds arise;
In deepest night, when o'er the small bridge path
The wanderer hies!

I hear thee, dearest! when the torrent strays,
With murm'ring fall;
In silent groves for thee I go to gaze
When hushed is all!

I am by thee, love! though thou 'rt ne'er so far,
To me thou 'rt near;
Now sinks the sun, and smiles the rising star—
Oh, wert thou here!

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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CUP TOSSING.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

SUPERSTITION may be termed the poetry of the million; portions of it mingle with the whole of our existence, from first to last. We argue against it, we ridicule it, and declare it to be worse than "naught;" yet we all yield to it, more or less: it is perpetually with us in some shape or other. It whispers to us in trembling, but deep-toned accents; it creeps through our veins and curdles our blood; it animates shadows, and gives voice to marrowless bones; it strikes a death knell, or anticipates the bridal ring and wedding feast. Conceal it as we will, we are all superstitious; some are so on a great scale, and parade it as a philosophy; others shut up their fears, and we discover them only by anxious looks and pallid cheeks. There are few who have not a little pet "*pishoguc*," which though, perhaps, neither yours nor ours, is *theirs* — implicitly trusted and firmly believed in. Various, indeed, are these small

superstitions; some do not like to see knives crossed, others have a particular dislike to spilling salt, and invariably throw a pinch of the savoury crystal over the left shoulder; many believe that what servants call a "black" on the *first* bar of the grate, announces a visit from a strange man, while the same appearance on the *second* bar, intimates "a call" from a strange woman; there are few who do not shake their heads at a winding sheet in the candle, or pick up the bit of rebellious coal that bounces, hissing and sparkling, on the hearth rug, for the purpose of examining whether it be a purse or a coffin. Friday is universally marked as an unlucky day, a black day, a day on which we would not willingly commence a journey, either by sea or land — a dangerous day; we never knew any one who was married on a Friday. There is a belief in the south of Ireland, where every fox-glove is a fairy cup, and every whirl of the west wind an omen, that fools are always born on Fridays, and that every child born on Friday should be marked with the sign of the cross on the head and the heart, to preserve it from being "changed" by the "good people" who, it would appear, have great inclination to make fools of us, whenever they can. Gypsies have less employment on Fridays, in unravelling the future, though they are

much consulted still by old and young. Simple beings that we are, with all our wisdom! we like to pry into futurity by any means, no matter how odd or how humble, and though we laugh, and seem to scorn such, we think over the harmless prophecy, and look for a cloud in the heavens, be the sun ever so bright, if the cat has passed her paw three times over the left ear! We do our best to unidealize every thing in these days. Nobody reads poetry. We calculate every thing by its utility — and yet superstition, with its attendant tribe of signs and signals, its dreams and omens, its whisperings and its shadows, has as strong a hold as ever upon the multitude.

Mistress Margaret O'Brien was one of the most pictorial-looking old dames we have ever seen, — tall, with a powerful, rather than a keen or prying eye; more prone to dictate to fortune, than to obey its mandate. Fond as the Irish are of abbreviating every name, or if it happen to be one that will not be abbreviated, lengthening it, Mistress Margaret O'Brian's was never interfered with; it would have been an act of rural high treason to call her "Peggy," indeed, no one ever dreamed of such a thing. There was a quiet mystery about her in which she was held — she dressed richly, wore solid rings, and though she spoke with the accent, she spoke correctly: she was

received in many "gentlemen's houses," and it was believed had seen better days: she kept a "little girl," to do her work, and never occupied herself in any thing but fortune telling. Mistress Margaret interpreted dreams, explained omens, tossed cups, and sometimes, but that was done seldom and slyly, "took a cut at the cards;" once she was, as they said, "a great hand entirely at the cards;" but the priest interfered; Margaret O'Brien went "the stations" at Gougane Barra, and did not venture to offend again at all events to the same extent: but no matter how she prophesied, what she prophesied was implicitly believed, and her "charms," moreover, were in great request — she could "charm" away the ague on the ninth day; had an infallible "charm" for the hooping-cough, and an undisputed cure for an "*impression* about the heart." Her first question always was, "Have you faith?" and as that was certain to be answered in the affirmative, where faith in every thing abounds, so the charm was soon a cure: but, after all, Mistress Margaret's great power lay in "cup tossing." It was a source of enjoyment to her, for whoever came to have a cup tossed, laid, at *least* "a quarter" of the "best mixed" upon the sibyl's table; the only fee she received.

"It's you, Mary Magrah, I know it's yerself,

though I've never looked off my beads; but I hear your step, Mary dear, aye, and the beating of your heart too, Mary avourneen, so don't darken the door with your shadow; and sure of all the shadows in the parish, rising eighteen years, yours has the most in it." Mary entered the cottage of Margaret O'Brian with a beating heart, for she was deep in love, and exceedingly jealous.

"Thath! thath! Molleen!" exclaimed the mistress in a tone of displeasure,. "why did you put ye'r left foot first? I thought that every foot that comes on your errand knew that wasn't right. No! don't go back, that would be making bad worse. Now don't offer to sit on a three legg'd stool, and this Friday; take a chair, there's plenty of them; and, indeed, Molleen, though I'm proud to see your mother's daughter in my little place, I'd rather see her any day than Friday.

"It's asy talking," said the impatient girl, while she threw off her shawl, and twisted up the "abundant glories of her hair." "It's asy talking, ma'am; you wouldn't wait to know ye'r luck yerself till to-morrow, if you had the knowledge I have, and yet *must* know more; yes, *must*, Margaret, or my heart will break."

"No, my Molly, your heart will do no such

thing; you're not a chicken to pine in a coop, nor a dove, to die for love; no, dear, the pride has more to do with you this blessed minute than the love," said Margaret; and sending her little maid away, she placed the simple tea things on the table, talking all the time:—

"There dear; well, that's a beautiful quarter of tea, fine grained, and a pound of lump-sugar: well, Mary, you've a noble heart, and there's great fortune in store for you somewhere; the kettle is on the boil, for I knew that you were on the road."

"How, Mistress Margaret?" inquired Mary.

"Oh! darling, I'll tell you your fortune, but I'm not bound to tell you my secrets! There, Oh! then, what ailed you to vex the cat, and make her strike at you with her left foot?"

"Who do you think I met at the cross roads, ma'am?" said Mary, who in her irritable humor, returned the cat's stroke with interest.

"Stay, dear, before you tell me, that I may turn it for good, if it should be evil," and she broke a bit of bread over Mary's head, "there now, who was it, not Peg Purcel?"

"Oh! mistress, you're a witch all out;" exclaimed the poor girl, "how ever did you know?" the cup tosser shook her head and smiled.

"Wasn't it provoking to meet her the first, and her back to the sun, and she red-haired?"

"God help you, *avourneen*, there's a disappointment before you."

"If there is," said Mary, closing her teeth, and clenching her hands, *if* there is!"

"Well, dear, a fine-spirited girl like yerself would leap over it; that's the finest way in the world, my darling; leap over the trouble, no matter what it is; our eyes are set in the front of our head, and not in the back, which is a sign we should look forward, not backward. I wouldn't cast the corner of my eye round, after the finest man that ever stood on the sod, not I, I'd scorn it!" said the dame, and she looked her words; "and there's nothing like scorning them," she continued: "toss up your head, deafen your ears, walk as if you were nothing caring or thinking whether there's a man in the world or not, and it's then they'll bow and 'madam' you. "I don't know," added the sibyl after a pause. "I don't know any thing that would give me more downright satisfaction, than turning half the men's hearts in the parish into jackstones, and rolling them over a tombstone of a midsummer eve."

"Oh! Mistress!" exclaimed Mary, "you're not in earnest, ma'am."

"An't I though," she replied; "well, dear, never mind whether I am or not, that's all."

"Mistress Margaret," said Mary, after a pause, "I tried the snail; a fine one it was, the third I found under an ivy leaf: I put it between the two plates, as the cock crew his first crow, and placed it under the beams of the moon, with a strip of rowan tree twisted into a heart on the cover."

"And what did the shilla-ca-pooka write?" inquired Margaret.

"Oh sorra a care I care, Mistress: it did not write what I wanted! I melted the lead, too, as you told me, through the key of the door, Ma'am."

"Well?"

"Oh! it all turned into cannons and guns!"

"When you wanted ploughs and cows, dear. Had you any dreams?"

"I get no rest for the dreams, they bother my heart out. I was kept from rest all night with one magpie flying after another."

"That was good!" interrupted the wise woman, "for you're both black-haired."

"Ay, but then one of the mags left off, and flew after a red pigeon."

"A red pigeon!" repeated Margaret. "Oh! avourneen, but I fear there's no use in any thing I can do after that."

Mary fixed her dark expressive eyes on the cup tosser. "Mistress," she said, "have you faith in love powders?" "Aye, have I, and with good right too, plenty of faith; but I got into trouble before, about a pack of cards, and after that I'm sure I'll have no call to love powders; besides, darling, they're dangerous. Where's the good of getting a heart if you can't keep it, and you can't be love-powdering ever and always. The heart you fixed your fancy on is as reckless as a wild bird's shadow, as slippery as an eel, as conceited as a peacock, as changeable as April weather. I don't think he'll be a bit more constant to his red pigeon than to his magpie; and, may be he'll lave them both for a wren or a —— goldfinch. It's a foolish woman, Mary, that ever sets her mind on what's called a handsome man: if you want a beauty, buy a picture; but a beauty man is sure to think more of himself than of you. I saw the way the wind blew when he said to a friend of mine, that you were handsome enough — for a coarse woman." Mary grew very red, and Margaret, having shot her bolt, and seen that it struck, plunged into another subject. "Did Ellen Jarvis get the white cow's milk, for the *impression* about her heart, from your mother?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Have you noticed that her sister's baby has a

mole above the breath? she'll have a *soothering tongue;* but that's a mighty ugly mark under the little boy's ear. God break hard fortune before every honest woman's child; but I've an idea it's for no good: marks are often 'devil's crosses, angel's losses;' but I did my best for him, considering the mark. I bound nine hairs, plucked from the tail of a wild colt, nine times round his left ankle on the ninth day, to make him swift of foot; so, dear, if he deserves hanging, he'll still be able to run from it." "Better not to be born to it," said Mary. "Ay, deed is it; but though we can foretell luck, we can't get past it — we may creep round it, and set in one side for a while, but we can't get past it in the end; that's the truth; I wish we could. And now, dear, draw to the table; there's no cup worth tossing but the third. Oh! Molleen! but I'm vexed to see you so cast down, *avourneen deelish:* the spirit, dear, is in you, but it's overcome, and more's the pity that it should be; but it will uprouse."

"I shouldn't care a single *traneen* about his changing," said Mary, while her eyes gleamed and sparkled, half with indignation and half with tears. "Not a single *traneen*, but it's his taking up with that pale faced, dying, sighing, Anty Cahill, who has neither blood, bone, nor beauty;

no nor twenty, nor so much as ten pounds to bring into a poor man's house; that *she* should have the one I fancied; and not without reason, for I could not go to chapel, to a wake, nor a fair, a dance, nor pattern; no, nor so much as for a pitcher of water to the blessed well, that he wasn't there with his bow and his smile; his words sweeter than honey and softer than crame, until I turned my back on the boy that really loved me, and that I broke silver with last Martinmas; the boy that had full and plenty, and has kissed the print of my foot on the dewy grass before now. I thought I was making a fool of him, and it was a fool of myself."

"And what's come of him, dear?" inquired Margaret, as if she did not know.

"He's listed, Ma'am, and his mother's gone up to Dublin to try to get him off. Oh! it's I was the bitter fool, and she'll take the news with her that — that — Oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden burst of passionate tears, "if I could only see him dead I should be happy — or — or — or — and she sobbed on for some time, until at last she added "*or, if I could get another boy against the fair next week, it would be a great ease to my trouble!*"

Margaret O'Brian turned away to hide the

smile that was struggling on her face with the acquired earnestness of her countenance. "Well, we'll see: such a girl as you, Mary, dear, to say nothing of your little fortune, will only have to choose. But, Mary, they say your spirit's rather high, and that your hands are as nimble as your tongue: it's mighty useful to bind a girl's hands with the bark of a rowan tree; it makes her quiet, if it's done three hours after the birth; but it takes the strength out of a boy's fist, and is dangerous on that account. Mrs. McLuown bound Peter's hands that way to hinder his being killed in a *skrimmage* as his father was; and signs by — he never took a shillaghla, or so much as a hurly in his hand; a poor thing without life in him."

The two first cups were drunk, and then came the third. "Stop!" exclaimed Margaret, "as I'm a living woman there's a stranger;" the long bit of tea floated, and twisted and wriggled on the surface of the fluid, while both the women watched its motions with intense interest. "Stay, and I'll stir it round with a blessed tally," continued Margaret, "that is darling, if you'd wish it to come true, and would take up with a stranger, just to spite your old sweetheart a while."

"Take up with one," exclaimed the maiden, bitterly: I'd take up with ten, even if they were all *Connaught* men, to 'spite him.'"

"Right my darling," said Mistress Margaret; "there now is the right spirit."

Mary gave an impatient jerk with her elbow and upset the salt: she threw the usual pinch over her shoulder; still Margaret looked grave: she bit the stick of the tea, and ascertained from its exceeding toughness, that it was not only a man stranger, but a rich stranger; and immediately after this, she inadvertently crossed the knife and spoon; this, noticed by Mistress Margaret passed unnoticed by the girl who was anxious to pry into futurity. The cup was tossed, once, twice, thrice, beneath, around, above. There is a great air in tossing a cup, even more than in tossing a pancake; it is painful to any one who knows what cup tossing really is, to see the clumsy way in which it is sometimes attempted, scattering the "Sibyl leaves" about, and jerking the little mysteries away from their proper positions after the cup has performed its last circle; but Mistress Margaret's cup tossing was the perfection of the art; her arm undulated gracefully, the cup was well poised, the circle it performed of geometrical accuracy; and after its third evolution, she held it up to read its mysteries with her own eyes, in a way that proved the interest she took in its announcements. Mary knew that no second person must attempt to read until the

first has finished; but she placed her arm upon the table and watched with intense anxiety.

"Oh! Mistress, darling, is it so bad," she inquired, "that you wont tell it?"

"No, Mary," was the reply, "it's not bad, only bothering: there's the line of life, a fine long one it is; but there is a disappointment to your third love. Allah! Mary, you never owned but to two, but this *is* the third, and that is too many for a girl of your age. A disappointment through a fair woman; and it's too high for you to leap over, and too wide for you to go round — see," and Mary did see a quantity of small particles of tea-leaf congregated together in a mimic mountain.

"Are you sure that's a disappointment, Mistress?"

"As sure as your two beautiful black eyes are looking at me this blessed minute."

"It's a cruel great one, Ma'am."

"So it is, but see how clear the line of life is after it; a quick return, and then the ring, a rich ring, dear, on a sword's point, and a few tears round it. I never did mind tears when the ring's a solid, substantial one; there's some rings not worth putting on the top of your little finger, let alone the marriage one, which has a vein in it as straight as you can go to the heart. Well, dear, if the disappointment is great, which I don't deny,

the ring is a beauty; then what a long line is after it, with a thrifle of children — one, two, three, not more than seven — a lucky number.'

"Will he marry the fair woman?" inquired Mary, with an emotion that proved she still *felt*, whatever she might say.

"Darling, it's your cup I tossed, not hers; send her to me with such another quarter of tea, and I'll tell her."

"Me send her, Mistress!" exclaimed Mary, while her eyes flashed as proudly as Margaret's own. "Well, I don't care, let him go; but if I could only punish *her*."

"Well!" half spoke half mused the Sibyl, — "women are always queer; they are ready enough to forgive the man who has tortured them and will torture others; but all their spite turns to the successor, who is likely to be deceived in her turn."

"I pray she may," said the handsome vixen; "I pray that she may never see death till she 's suffered what I have the last three days. I wish I could get a lock of her hair, and see if I would'nt work a charm that would tantalize the life out of her; and hair or no hair, Mistress Margaret, you could do it if you liked: do, ah do! and any thing I have I 'll give you. I only want to punish her. Oh! if you had seen the make-believe in-

nocence of her laugh when she wished me good morning, you 'd poison her, as I would."

"Margaret O'Brian laid down the cup; she drew the girl's throbbing head towards her, and placed it on her bosom, and then she spoke words of advice and pure wisdom to one who had been all too wild and wayward for her parents' guidance. She forgot the fortune-teller in the friend; she passed a few brief words of censure on Mary's jilting propensities, and showed how she had doomed one whom she believed loved her affectionately, to as bitter a "disappointment" as she herself was now doomed to endure. In the early part of their intercourse she had roused her pride, played with her natural disposition; but now she labored to awake her reason, more difficult to work with than her revenge or superstition: as to the superstitions, indeed, both believed in them, but Margaret mingled the wild poetry of her knowledge, with many high and noble sentiments.

"Put a handful of yellow cowslip flowers, that you 'll pluck before the moon rises, under yer pillow, dear, this night; hang yer beads over yer head, and read yer prayer book on your knees; and now mind, keep on repeating the Lord's prayer over and over till you fall asleep. The cowslips have wonderful virtue for innocent thoughts; and there 's nothing when all 's said and

done, equal to the prayer for comfort and assistance: if ye'r not easier in your mind in the morning, don't sit down to the wheel, or to quilting or knitting; but after washing your face in the May-dew, turn into the field, get home the cows; milk, and scour, and brew, and beetle; gather a handful of each of the herbs I tell you of, and after boiling them for three hours in heifer's milk, bathe your face with it; then put the fresh cowslips under your head again, hang up your beads, say the same prayers; up again with the lark, milk, scour, brew, and beetle — give yourself no time for words or thinking, only if the tune of a song comes into your head give it out; for where there's much music there's but little mischief, and nothing eases the heart like it; keep on the same thing over and over again for nine days, and then come to me again, and we'll have another bout at the cup tossing."

Truly Margaret O'Brian *was* a wise woman: before the ninth day expired, Mary's old lover returned; Mary relented; and when she did visit the mistress, it was to ask her to the wedding, and not to try the issue of CUP TOSSING.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY J. O. CAMPBELL.

O saw ye my Mary, when, light as a fairy,
She glides through the dance, on gossamer wing;
She seems from earth springing, and yet to earth clinging,
Like Summer when blushing her farewell to Spring?
O saw ye my Mary, sae brisk and sae airy,
She 's winsome, she 's blythe, and she 's fair as she 's free;
And while she is roaming frae sunrise till gloaming,
Her heart bounds with lightness, her eye beams with glee?

Would you picture our meeting, our mutual fond greeting,
When we whisper our vows 'neath the moon's silver beam?
The world's richest treasure compared to such pleasure,
Is but an illusion, a phantom, a gleam!
Her fair form caressing, her balmy lips pressing,
I yield me a captive in Love's silken chain;
I 've a kind heaven o'er me, and rapture before me,
For Mary has promised that she 'll be my ain.

MADELON.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In 1812, being an invalid, I was advised by my physicians to leave Paris and find a quiet retreat in some country hamlet. Pursuing their advice, I took up my residence in that of Lignes, in the department of Pas de Calais, at the dwelling of one Madame Sante. The very name appeared to me a lucky omen, and I soon found myself at home in the bosom of the little family, which consisted of only Madame, and her pretty daughter Madelon. Jaques de Sante, the husband of Madame, had died shortly after the birth of his daughter, leaving the good dame charged with her entire care and support. He had been only a peasant, and, saving the little cottage with its patch of garden-ground, he could boast of no other portion of the world's goods; but the pittance arising from his daily labor, amply provided the necessary comforts for himself and wife, while the birth of the little Madelon filled their

cup of contentment to overflowing. But, death! the spoiler, came in the sunshine of their bliss, and poor Jaques was summoned to an early grave.

When the grief of the widow had somewhat abated, she began to consider of the best means of supporting herself and her infant Madelon. Her little garden, luckily, was of a fertile quality, and with the knowledge of its cultivation, which she had acquired from her husband, backed by her own industry, she contrived to raise fruits and flowers sufficient, the profit arising from the sale of which, was enough to furnish all that her contented mind desired. The little Madelon, as she progressed in years, did also in beauty, and her sixteenth summer found her the loveliest maiden of the village, — at least the young men, who are generally allowed to be the best judges in these matters, with one voice awarded to her the appellation of the "*village rose.*"

It was at this period of Madelon's minority, that I became an inmate in the family, and if ever the hand of nature lavished the riches of loveliness upon the human form, it had on that of the innocent Madelon. From beneath her clear and open brow, gleamed two eyes of the brightest lustre. Her mouth, which seemed to speak of love alone, was gemmed with teeth regular, and white as the purest pearl. Her hair, dark as the

plumage of the raven's wing, flowed in long and luxuriant tresses over a neck and bust of the most perfect mould, while the pure blood mantling in her cheek shone through a skin of downy softness. Such a form was indeed a fitting shrine for the soul of innocence with which God had endowed this beautiful creature.

At this period Napoleon was busy in his preparations for the invasion of Russia, and for the purpose of levying troops, couriers were despatched to all parts of the kingdom. No spot was sacred from his despotic mandate. Fathers, brothers, sons and husbands, were alike dragged into the arena of warfare, to satiate the sanguinary appetite of a man, who had for his aim, nothing but self-aggrandizement, — the gratification of ambitious passions, which he hypocritically clothed under the pretence of a love for country — the advancement of the glory of his "*La belle France.*"

In the universal conscription, it was not to be expected that the peaceful inhabitants of Lignes should be exempted from their portion of this human tribute; and, accordingly, one evening, a young officer rode into the village and proclaimed the orders of the emperor. His carriage was noble, his figure of exquisite proportion, his manners were bland and attractive; while his conver-

sation pronounced him to be one who had mixed in the circles of refinement. As there was no positive inn in the village, and nearly every inhabitant could scarcely boast of more than the necessary accommodation for himself or family; it was suggested by one of the lookers on that the dwelling of Madame Sante might probably afford the requisite apartments during his sojourn, and he at once offered to conduct the officer to the cottage. At the garden-gate he was met by Madelon, who never having beheld a soldier, gazed with admiration and delight on his handsome dress and figure. He politely inquired for the mistress of the house, and Madelon, with her natural grace and simplicity conducted him to the presence of her mother. Having explained his business to Madame, and professing his pleasure at the accommodations, the good lady consented to receive him, and Captain Verve immediately became an inmate of the cottage.

Time flew on — days had melted into weeks, and weeks into months. The necessary number of conscripts had been obtained, and the day of their departure appointed. During Verve's residence, it was to me plainly perceptible, that Madelon's heart and soul were his. If he spoke to her, her eye would kindle with delight, if he gazed upon her, the blood would mount in rosy

richness to her cheek and her whole frame betray unusual tremor. More than once I had observed the tear start in her eye when he mentioned the period of his departure; and on one occasion I found her weeping bitterly in the arbor of the garden — she was confused at my presence, and when I questioned her as to the cause, she could only reply by a fresh flood of tears, and fled in confusion. It was easy, however, to divine the reason. Her heart had been given to the handsome Verve, and now she trembled at the moment of their separation. The fond and artless mother dreamed not that her child stood in the path of temptation, that the blandishments and artifices of the young soldier were sapping the foundation of her virtue, that the serpent was slowly, yet effectually coiling his folds around his victim — that the moment was at hand when Madelon was to surrender her innocence, and her fair name become a thing of mockery and scorn. So cautiously did Verve lay his snares, that it would have baffled the keenest eye to detect them. He sung to her the songs of his beloved France, he depicted to her in glowing colors, the wonders and glories of the busy world, until her own beautiful and happy home appeared but a bleak and barren wilderness. The mind of Madelon thus unsettled, it was not difficult for Verve to accom-

plish his purpose. She saw in him only the soul of honor and of truth; it was impossible that deceit could dwell in so fair and gallant a form, and in the confiding fondness and simplicity of heart, in a fatal moment she yielded to the wiles of the seducer.

Time, ever on the wing, at length brought on the day of Verve's departure. It was one of those balmy mornings in May, such, as at that early season of the year are to be found only in France. Summer from her rosy urn had scattered her treasures upon the earth — the trees were laden with their snowy blossoms, the flowerets were smiling through their dewy tears, — beauty and love were blended in one harmonious whole.

At the earliest blush of dawn, the drum disturbed the slumbers of the hamlet, and heavily did it fall on many a heart. The conscripts were speedily assembled, burning eyes and throbbing bosoms were gathered around them — every maiden of the village, but *one*, was there, to bid a brother, lover, or friend, a long and sad, if not perhaps, an eternal farewell. That absent one was Madelon. Why came she not to bid her handsome Verve "God speed," upon his journey? Many were the surmises exchanged among her companions, but all were ignorant of the proper

cause. Alas! poor Madelon lay a weeping sufferer, "a blighted lily" on the couch of crime.

The last parting was over, the tri-colored banner of France was unfurled above the little band, the drum and fife mingled their warlike notes together, and amidst the shouts of grief-stifled voices, the conscripts turned their backs upon their native village, followed to the last, by weeping eyes and blessed by aching hearts.

Sorrow, however, must find an intermission. The inhabitants of the hamlet soon relapsed into their accustomed pursuits, and except an occasional remark as to the destiny of the party, no one would have known that the ties of kindred and affection had been so recently sundered. But forgetfulness, peace and happiness, were strangers to the bosom of Madelon. Her eyes, that sparkled like those of the gazelle, were sunken and lustreless. The ruddy tint had vanished from her cheek, heavy sighs occasionally escaped from her bosom, and the usual neatness in her attire was neglected. To the poor mother it was apparent some heavy weight lay upon the mind of her daughter, but to all her inquiries, Madelon's reply was, "It is nothing, mother, nothing."

The summer had passed away, and the brown mantle of autumn was spread over the landscape, still, no tidings had reached Lignes of the fate of

the conscripts. This was owing to the policy of Napoleon, who had passed an edict that all communication should be withheld from the relatives of those who were in the army, fearing that a knowledge of their sufferings might chill the ardor of the people, and dim the glory of his enterprise. But among all who longed for intelligence, none was so anxious as Madelon. To her, Verve's silence was an eternity of torture, — "Verve! her beloved, her noble-minded Verve," as in the fondness of her heart, in her solitary moments she was wont to call him, had never sent her the promised advice and assistance to enable her to join him in Paris. At length her situation could no longer be concealed, and the poor mother beheld her darling child the creature of guilt and shame. For the first moment in her existence was her honest spirit humbled, and the arrow of grief sent deep into her heart. She had felt the pangs of a bereaved wife, but then her fair name was unspotted, her trust was in heaven, and she had ever before her, the image of her husband in the features of her beautiful Madelon, that Madelon who was now a creature of sin, who had brought dishonor upon her hearth, and her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The poor mother uttered not a word of reproach, but affectionately embraced her blighted

blossom. "Poor Madelon! Poor Madelon!" she exclaimed, while the tears of anguish fell from her eyes like the drops of molten lead. "Thou art a stricken deer, but pillow thy head upon thy mother's breast, who will never forsake thee — her home is thy home, and thy babe shall not be the less loved although begotten in sin and shame.

The unhappy girl could not reply — a shriek escaped her and she fell senseless upon the floor.

It was late in the day when the poor girl awoke to consciousness. Her mother was hanging over her in the greatest solicitude. The sight of her parent revived afresh the fountain of her grief, and grasping her hand, with a look of misery, she cried, "Mother, dear mother, will you forgive me?"

The kind creature spoke not a word, but fell upon her daughter's bosom and mingled tears with kisses. As the night closed in, Madelon entreated her to retire and seek repose, assuring her that she needed not her attention. The confiding parent assented and withdrew to a sleepless pillow, alas! never again to behold the face of her Madelon, — a desperate resolution had taken possession of the unhappy girl.

"Verve," she exclaimed, "I will find thee if

the world hold thee alive!" and starting from her couch, she hastily collected a few articles of necessary apparel, and taking with her a scanty sum of money, she resolved to make her way to Paris. She stole softly from her chamber, and passing that of her mother, she heard her praying for her erring child. Madelon fell upon her knees, and in the silence of her heart breathed a blessing on her. As she opened the cottage door, the light of a summer moon fell in placid brilliancy around her. The little garden with its balmy flowerets, sweet nurslings of her own hands, lay slumbering in dreamy beauty; not the sigh of a midnight zephyr disturbed a leaf or blossom. She paused, — her heart beat quickly, — tears filled her eyes, — she was departing from the home of her childhood, a lone, unfriended, guilty creature. She felt that memory was busy within her, that reflection might weaken her resolution, and with a desperate energy she rushed from the cottage, gained the path that led from the hamlet to the high road, and ere the first streaks of light had silvered the horizon, was several leagues on her journey to Paris.

On the mother repairing to Madelon's apartment, in the morning, she was alarmed to find her absent. Suspicion of her flight flashed upon her, while conviction of the fact was manifested

by the absence of the articles Madelon had carried with her. Frantic, she searched every corner of the cottage, then in the bewilderment of grief rushed to the village. All sympathised with the childless mother, and no time was lost in endeavoring to discover some traces of the fugitive, but in vain. No one had seen her. Messengers were despatched in every direction, but they only returned with the chilling intelligence, that no signs of the unhappy girl could be discovered. The most dreadful suspicion now took possession of the wretched parent, a settled conviction of her daughter's destruction. "My Madelon, my child, thy mother's darling!" she unceasingly exclaimed; and when the evening came, a cold and frightful stupor had settled upon her spirit — insanity had claimed her for its victim.

Sick and weary of the scene of misery, I quitted Lignes for the metropolis, indulging the hope that I might discover the unfortunate girl, and restore her, if not to her former state of happiness, at least to watch over the waning existence of her maniac mother.

Four months had passed away amidst the bustle and confusion of Paris, but no tidings could I obtain of her. I, however, was informed that Verve, had immediately on his arrival from Lignes, been despatched to the head-quarters of his regi-

ment, previous to which, he had allied himself to a young lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments, regardless of his promises and plighted vows to Madelon. But as Providence sooner or later follows such acts with its retribution, he, shortly after, fell in the conflict of Witepsk in Russia.

One cold and dreary morning in February, I chanced to be passing in the neighborhood of the Morgue — a dense and excited crowd was assembled in front of the building. Curiosity prompted me to inquire the cause, when I learned that the body of a young female with that of an infant bound to her bosom, had just been taken from the waters of the Seine. An indiscribable feeling took possession of me — a horrible presentiment, a mysterious sympathy, of something fatal with which I was connected. I at once approached the door, and with a trembling hand applied to it the massive iron knocker. The sound rung dismally through the building. The porter appeared, and stating my wish to see the body, I was conducted to the receptacle of death.

The light of a winter morning glimmered faintly through a narrow casement, revealing the interior of a spacious and gloomy stone apartment. In the centre was a low table on which the outline of a human body was seen, through a thin

covering of drapery cast carelessly over it. My conductor beckoned me to approach, I did so, and on his removing the covering, I started back in horror. Great God! it was the corpse of Madelon — beautiful even in death. Her long, dark tresses were yet dripping with the waters of the Seine — her eyelids were partially closed — a faint smile was on her features. By her side lay a dead babe, apparently of but a few weeks old, beautiful as its mother — the offspring, no doubt, of Verve the heartless seducer.

On inquiry, I found that the poor girl, on her arrival in Paris, on learning the conduct and fate of Verve, was seized with a dangerous illness. Her situation attracted the commiseration of some kind individuals who administered to her wants. After giving birth to her unfortunate babe, she had suddenly disappeared, and up to the moment of the discovery of their lifeless bodies, no traces of them could be found. It appeared, that with the desperate fondness of a mother, she had bound her hapless nursling to her bosom with a scarf, which I recognised as the gift of the heartless Verve, and in the dark and silent hour of midnight, together, they had found a grave in the waters of the Seine.

STANZAS.

BY ROBERT MACNISH.

Thou art gone to the dust, and thine ashes are laid,
Like the wan leaves of autumn, to sleep in the shade:
Unknown and forgot by the world they may be,
But the earth that enshrouds them is holy to me.
O, angel beloved! to what land art thou pass'd?
To what clime of eternity, distant and vast?
Hast thou ta'en thy abode in the caves of the sea,
Since the limits of earth are too narrow for thee?
In the rocks of the deep hath thy lustre been hidden?
On the pinions of ether away hast thou ridden?
The sapphirine pavement of heaven hast thou trod,
A seraph to sing at the throne of thy God?
Hath he lifted the veil from His shadowed face?
Hath He circled thee round with a parent's embrace?
With the dews of the heaven, ambrosial and mild,
Hath He water'd thee o'er, and baptised thee His child?
Thou art gone to the dust; but the flight of thy soul
Not the ice-fettered gates of the grave can control;
And wherever in nature its dwelling may be,
Thy sacred remembrance is holy to me.

THE SMUGGLER.

WALTER VIVIAN was the younger of three brothers, of a respectable and comparatively affluent family in the middle rank of society; but who had for many years been engaged in that precarious and afterwards illicit traffic which the excise-laws of the period were enacted to suppress. He was a well educated young man, of excellent address, brave, spirited, reckless, generous, but, unfortunately, the dupe and the instrument of his elder brothers. The latter had been actively and extensively engaged in the contraband trade; but as their wealth increased, and as the laws were more rigorously enforced, they retired from the more hazardous part of the trade, and became merely the agents of the smugglers, and the purchasers and disposers of the illicit commodities. They were the part owners of a large and beautiful lugger, called the *Belle Amy*, that flew over the channel like a bird, dashed over the breakers and bars where no king's ship dared to follow, and that landed more cargoes on

the coast than any six of the fleet of his Majesty's "honest rogues," the *free traders* of Cornwall.

The three brothers, John, Thomas, and Walter Vivian, were partners in the profits of this trade. Walter commanded the lugger. His generous habits, his daring and enterprising disposition, won him the affections of his crew, who, young as he was, loved him as if he had been their father. His speculations were so eminently successful, that his very success excited the jealousy of his less fortunate competitors. All were active and fearless enough, but none were so fortunate as Walter Vivian and the *Belle Amy*. The king's cruisers were numerous and vigilant, and many a severe conflict took place, and many a smuggler was taken, and not a few burned in the offing, in sight of the owners; but the *Belle Amy* had hitherto escaped. She had been chased, but never taken — fired upon, but never injured — and sometimes attacked by cruisers that suffered seriously for their temerity. Vessels had been wrecked that had lain in wait for her; and many an armed flotilla, too adventurous by far, which threatened to board her, has she either blown out of the water with her guns, or cut down, man by man, as they scaled her sides. The revenue board, however, were determined to spare no exertions in order to capture her. A

sloop of-war was sent to hover off that part of the coast where she generally landed her cargoes; and it is said that secret information had been given to its commander as to the time when he might expect the arrival of Vivian.

It was a breezy night, in the end of September, two hours after sunset, the young moon in the sky partly obscured by light clouds, when a firing was heard in the bay, a light blazed on H—— head, and anon the *Belle Amy*, under every inch of canvas she could bear, came dashing into H—— harbor. Instantly not fewer than three hundred persons — men and women, old and young — were on the beach, some preparing to push off in boats, others carrying rope-slings, all active and preparing to *run* the goods. Joy, impatience, and the mingling sensations of hope and fear, were in the countenances of all. For about half an hour before the smuggler entered, the firing had ceased. She was scarcely at her mooring, when the cliff-light, already alluded to was quenched, and another, considerably to the westward, and on a peak which overhung a tremendous ridge of rocks, bare at low water, glared upon the heavens and threw its murrey light far over the foam and billows of the sea. But Captain Stanmer was not to be lured to destruction by an artifice so palpable. Just as the broadside

of the *Belle Amy* was turned to the beach, and the order given to undo the hatches, four boats, well manned and armed, pulled into the harbor with as much precision as if they had come in the wake of the smuggler. The moment these boats were discovered from the shore, a yell proceeded from the women — so wild — so shrill — so piercing, that it made the hearts of the stoutest quake. Not a moment was to be lost. The men on the beach stood in ghastly silence, while their friends aboard the *Belle Amy* — taken by surprise, and awed by the boldness of the measure — had scarcely time to run to their arms, before the boarding-party was under their quarter.

The boats were commanded by Captain Stanmer himself, and a conflict ensued which baffles description. For nearly an hour was the fight maintained — arm to arm, pike to pike, cutlass to cutlass — so close, that after the first discharge no re-loading of fire-arms took place. The pistol was fired, and flung at the head of the assailant; while the eternal clash of steel, the groans, the imprecations, the heavy plunge of the slain in the water, proved that the strife was bloody and desperate. From some unknown cause or other, the vessel at length caught fire. The flames burst out from the forecastle, amid the still continued clang of swords. The spectacle was aw-

ful. The men were seen engaged at every part of the lugger — each struggling for his life, or bent upon terminating that of his antagonist — their faces lurid and distorted — wild, frantic, and horrible, in the glare of the bursting flames. How the conflict might have ended, it is hard to conjecture — the smugglers apparently had the worst of it — they seemed to be overpowered — their comrades and abettors on shore could lend them no assistance, and at this instant, too, another king's boat was seen coming to the aid of the former.

But at the same important moment, also, Walter Vivian was observed among the few men who still struggled for the mastery of the *Belle Amy's* deck, engaged hand to hand with Captain Stanmer. The flames were spreading with a rapidity which left but small space to fight upon; and a doubly awful interest was excited in the breasts of the spectators by the fear — by the almost certainty — that the lugger would blow up. Captain Stanmer was at length seen to fall — whether accidentally or not, could not be ascertained — — and almost at the same moment Walter Vivian sprang from the gunwale into the sea, and swam towards the beach, where he was received, amid mingled screams and cheers, by many hundreds of persons, by some of whom he was instantly

conveyed to a place of safety. The fifth boat had little to do. The flames had nearly finished the *Belle Amy* before it came alongside. To attempt to save the cargo was vain — to land and attack defenceless women, at the hazard of being cut to pieces by the infuriated partisans of the Vivians, would have been fruitless — the boat consequently put to sea; and next morning scarcely a trace of the wreck was to be seen.

When the intelligence of this fatal and disastrous affair reached the government, they offered a large reward for the apprehension of the younger Vivian. The detachment of military along the coast had orders to make a rigid search for him — the number of the cruisers was doubled — the magistrates were called upon, by royal proclamation, to institute an inquiry, and to assist the military in apprehending all persons suspected of being implicated, in order that an example might be made of the lawless men who had been guilty of so sanguinary an outrage. Walter Vivian, however, was placed far beyond the reach of justice. It would have been a dangerous instance of loyalty for any authority in the west of Cornwall to be officiously diligent in hunting forth the outlaw. Even the appearance of being anxious for his apprehension would have been dangerous. The smuggler was universally consid-

ered the injured party. Thousands of families depended for their bread upon the traffic — prejudices were strong against the new laws — the passions of the lower orders were in a ferment — murmurs akin to revenge were heard on all sides, and a loyal attachment to the law was very generally considered to be more honored in the breach than the observance.

In a cave, a few miles from the Land's End, which opened upon a wild and unfrequented sea-beach, Walter Vivian found a hiding-place, till a vessel could be procured to carry him out of the country. But here began his sorrows. Here, love, although it mitigated the privations of the outlaw's cave — although it made softer than down his bed of straw on the damp earth — only darkened the more the vista of his hopes, and rendered doubly painful by anticipation the separation which was unavoidable.

Some few months before the catastrophe which had made him an outcast from his country — which had branded his name as that of a felon — the unfortunate hero of our tale had been married. His wife was a lovely creature, not yet arrived at her twentieth summer — tender, gentle, confiding, and devotedly attached to her husband. Those who know her story — who have heard of her fame — who, by the winter fire-sides

of Cornwall, fill many an aged and young eye with a tear while they tell her fate — can alone do justice to her innocence and beauty. Ask the octogenarian of the West who Tracy Pendril was? He will shake his head, and say with a sigh, "There is no such maiden now a-days!" She was the very idol of the district. Better whisper suspicion of the purity of your best friend, or worst enemy's genealogy, than speak dispraisingly of her! The old men blessed her, the sailors toasted her in a full can on shore, and sung her charms before the mast at sea. Her name was to be seen cut out on many a capstern and handspike, and inscribed on the windows of Dutch taverns and French cabarets. The venerable crones of her native village still mention her as a pattern of beauty and conjugal affection. "She was pure as truth," they say, "and beautiful as an angel — the victim of errors not her own, of machinations foul, cruel, and perfidious, of a love that hurried her to the grave!"

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But the smile from that full eye bespoke the malady that was soon to carry her to the grave. Its light was speedily to be quenched, and the girl so doted upon was ere long to sleep far below the lilies of the valley, and her father once more to walk the earth a childless, desolate man.

In the midst of life, Tracy was on the threshold of the tomb. More rapidly and imperceptibly than is usual with that insidious destroyer, she pined away. Her father's prayers availed not. He called on God to take him, and spare his child; but the lamb only could be accepted as the sacrifice. The bloom lingered on her cheek, her eye beamed more bright, but the tones of her voice daily became more than mortal. The old man gazed upon her as serenely as ever; her smile was returned with undiminished affection; but the dew of the sepulchre was on her brow. Medicine could not arrest the progress of the disorder. For a whole winter she was confined to her room: from the adjoining one, except when with his daughter, Walter never absented himself. The spring came, but it was only autumn to her.

The beam of the morning summer sun could not restore the vigor of the past year. She gradually became weaker and weaker, nearer and nearer her dissolution. At length from her bed she could not rise. All that man could do — all that the intercessions of the pious could offer — were done and offered in vain. Her hand was moist and warm, but her frame was attenuated; her eye was increased in lustre, but her cheek was pale; or if otherwise, the suffusion which brightened it was but the hectic intermissions of fever. She felt no pain, but she was dying apace. For three weeks previous to her demise, her father never quitted her chamber. He sat by her bedside, a silent figure, in whose countenance there was no other expression than that of subdued, speechless, unalloyed, consuming sorrow.

One night only did the solitude of the room tempt him to divulge audibly the pangs that wrung his bosom. It was far in the morning, when the patient had fallen into one of those brief slumbers with which she was occasionally visited and relieved at that hour; the nurse had retired for the same purpose. The moon, as it shone over the silvery estuary, darted its waning ray into the sick apartment. All around, in heaven and on earth, was still as the grave. The moon itself was an emblem of death. Its ray

was feeble; it was in the decline, and it was near the setting. Favored by the stillness, Vivian left his chair and approached the window. He knelt on the floor, and by aid of the moonlight opened a large family Bible which lay on the table, and clasping his hands over it, he addressed himself to the Deity, in a strain of humble penitence and fervent supplication. The faint stream of light fell upon his withered features; his tears dropped on the sacred volume; and his hands were stretched upwards, while he besought forgiveness for his sins. Strange as it may appear, he was uniform in his belief, that the affliction of his daughter was a punishment on *him* for his yet unpropitiated transgressions. He believed that the intensity of his affection for his child was made the instrument of his punishment. Consequently, while he asked pardon for himself, he believed that its concession would include the suspension of the divine decree passed upon the life of Tracy, and her restoration to health, as an evidence of successful atonement.

Faint and constrained as was his voice, it disturbed the patient, and attracted the attendant; and when he arose in consequence of the interruption, he was so weak and paralysed, that he fell prostrate on the floor. But he speedily recovered himself, and resumed his position by the

bedside. Visitor, physician, nurse, he heeded not. From Tracy's bedside he stirred not. His food was that of his daughter, the tepid gruel that tempered her burning thirst. He changed not his raiment, he shaved not his beard, he bathed not his face, he stretched not his limbs; he saw no one, he heard nothing, he spoke not, but he frequently bent his head to his knees, as if in the attitude of deep and overpowering devotion. No groan, no tear, no convulsive throb escaped him. His features were fixed, firm, immoveable. Tracy was speechless — he was silent; the daylight was obscured — his mind was dark, strange and unfathomable. The neighbors wept, the nurse sobbed, the clergyman knelt and prayed, *he* alone was impervious to the common emotions. At length the gentle spirit of his beloved child fled from its exhausted tenement, and the whisper of the attendants was heard — "*she is no more!*"

Walter Vivian started up; he drew aside the curtain of the bed, and kissed the scarce cold lips of the departed angel. He then shook hands cordially with the few persons present, and proceeded to another apartment. He washed himself, dressed himself, gave orders for her funeral; and when the day came, followed in her mourning train, apparently the least moved of its many attendants. He listened to the solemn service,

as a mere spectator: he saw the cold earth heaped upon the remains of Tracy; he was the last that left the churchyard; and he walked home, erect, unchanged in feature, and seemingly as one who had been but the official leader in the ceremony.

From that day no human being except the old nurse, did he permit to enter his house. His door was shut upon the nearest of his relations. He seemed a man of a different race, of a distinct species, from those who dwelt around him. Like a bird that has been robbed of its young, he moved round, but never wandered far from the spot where he had been a happy parent. The youth of the village gazed upon him with a feeling of awe — the old looked on with compassion — the simple maiden wept when she thought of the beautiful Tracy — no one addressed him — to no one did he speak. In the morning he might be seen in the churchyard, at mid-day slowly straying on the beach, at all hours, when in his cottage, he might be heard at his devotions. All seasons were the same to him. In storm, in rain, in sunshine, in summer and winter, he might be found in his accustomed walks, his only companion a pocket Bible, which he discoursed with on the high cliff, and in the sequestered dell — when the rain pelted its leaves, when the sun-beam gleamed on its

pages. When night fell, and the village was asleep, the circle of his aberrations was more extended. At the dead hour, when the owl on the turret, the ripple of the water on the beach, or the loud wave on the shore, alone disturbed the silence of the village, he might be seen wandering forth, apparelled as we have described, and bearing the small lantern in his hand. He would then ascend the hills, stray over the moors, and here and there, at accustomed spots, kneel down and lift up his voice in prayer on the winds of the night. As if the grave had sent him forth, he preferred, even at these dark hours, the most lonely and unfrequented places, in order that the Deity alone should hear and witness his adorations. For more than thirty years has he followed this aberrant and melancholy life, his health sustaining no injury from the dews which fall on him, or the bleak winds that chill him. On these wilds, habit has made him acquainted with every step of the way — with every sheep-path — every tor — every glen — every cliff. Day has dawned upon him when seated on the steep far above the sea — the moon has gone down and left him at his devotions at the base of some high rock — the stars alone and his glimmering lantern have lighted him over crags scarcely passable in the broad sun; and when the fisherman, with the

first ray of the morning, has been going forth to his toil, he has been met returning to his fireless home, drenched in the rain, sometimes robed in the hoar-frost, often covered with snow, bearing still unquenched the flickering lamp, its gleam scarcely perceptible in the bolder blaze of the dawn. He still lives and still pursues the same wild devotional excursions. Ninety years have passed over his head, and yet Walter Vivian is as hale as when his Tracy died. Her grave he still visits; her humble tombstone is nearly sunk in the earth; the green grass half covers it; yet is it as fresh to the memory of the parent as if it had been placed but yesterday over his child.

We have not colored a single fact — such a story requires no coloring. Walter Vivian — or rather the person whom we have represented by this name — is still alive to attest the truth of his own wild tale.

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MY FIRST FRIEND.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Bright innocent! thy parents' priceless treasure,
The first fond pledge of purity and love;
Thy life, as yet, is one of sinless pleasure,
Type of the blessed cherubim above.

The gems of summer are around thee blushing,
The leafy bower waves over thee its shade;
The fount's clear waters at thy feet are gushing,—
And music swells from forest, bank and glade.

Upon thy dimpled cheeks bloom freshest roses,
The woods are ringing with thy joyous sounds;
While thy *first friend* beside thee calm reposes,
Or speaks his love in gleesome frisks and bounds.

Thy sunny locks are o'er thy temples flowing,
And laughter sparkles in thy azure eye;
The world is all before thee, bright and glowing,
And in thy bosom hope is bounding high.

Ah! little deem'st thou, young and happy stranger,
What storms and tempests will thy sky o'ersweep;
What rocks, what billows, will thy bark endanger,
Careering o'er the treacherous human deep.

Some beauteous form, for which thy spirit pineth,
Within whose look lies shrined thy throbbing heart;
Some eye from which thy light of gladness shineth,
Some voice the lute that music does impart;

Some friends thou fervently may'st love and cherish,
Some holy hope — the loadstar of life's sky; —
All, all perhaps before thy sight may perish,
Brief as the passing of the zephyr's sigh.

Oh, may thy noon be cloudless as thy morning,
Thy setting sun in holiness descend;
Thy memory mourn'd, thy deeds life's page adorning,
Thy soul to God in purity ascend.

A TALE OF THE COVENANTERS.

It was in those days when the bloody persecutor of God's saints, Charles the Second, was striving to root out all religion from our land, and when the booted and spurred apostles of prelacy went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour, that John Craig, a singular godly youth, did take to wife Isobel Ross, a maiden fair as to worldly externals, but, what was far better, of an enlightened and sober piety, not in any way tainted with the defections or errors which then so rifely prevailed. They loved and were beloved more than usually falls to the lot of us poor shreds; and, not without reason, they promised themselves many, many days of happiness and joy. But a continuance of prosperity is not to be looked for in this vale of sorrow and tears; every month the persecution grew more and more bitter, and honest men durst no more worship God after the manner of their fathers, but were compelled to pray among glens and the rocks and

caves of the earth, as if they were evil-doers, breaking and setting at naught the laws of the land.

Ye see that tomb there — it is the burial-place of the Erskines of Rath — (here I started — it was the tomb of my fathers the old man pointed to, but I said nothing). Sir John Erskine, who sleeps there, grandfather to the present laird, was one of the most violent persecutors in this part of the country. The folk said he had a looking to some post under the king, which made him the more active in hunting out the rebels, as they were called; and he exceeded even the rude hirelings of soldiers themselves in his oppressions and violences; some of them indeed clean shrunk from participating in many of his deeds, which however was milk and honey to that bloodthirsty apostate James Sharp, whose appetite for carnage nothing could quench or slacken.

Well, sir, to keep to our tale: word was brought him early one morning that there was a conventicle, or field-preaching, in a glen up among the hills: see yonder it is, where a clump of black fir-trees are growing. This was an opportunity of serving the king not to be lost; so he got his servants to arm, called out the military who were quartered in the village, and set out at full speed to the place. But God had other things in re-

serve for those at that meeting; for, getting timely notice from a herd-boy who had seen the host advancing, they all escaped save and excepting John Craig, who fell suddenly, before he was aware, into the hands of the persecutors.

Being but a young man, and never before convicted of correspondence with the hill-folks, many thought that he would get free, or a short imprisonment, or small fine; but Sir John was enraged at the ill success of his expedition, and determined to wreak his vengeance on the poor lad, as a fearful example to the rest of the country. So he commanded him to be tied on a trooper's horse, and led him down the hill till they came to his own little cottage, where his wife Isobel was waiting his arrival to breakfast.

It was a fine, calm, clear, winter morning, the ground was covered with snow hardened by a keen frost, and the sun shone brightly and cheerily, as if on a scene of joy and festivity. His wife hearing the noise ran out to welcome her John, and beheld him a fettered prisoner, and in the hands of those whose tender mercies she well knew were horrid cruelties!

But the God whom she served did not forsake her in this her moment of bitterness and despair; she felt nerved with a strength which no human power could ever invest her with: and she went

to her husband firmly and tearlessly, as if she knew not that he was soon to be a bleeding corse, and she a friendless, houseless widow. She whispered a word of courage and consolation in his ear, she chafed his stiff, half-frozen hands, she parted his long brown hair over his brow — for his arms were tied — and with the corner of her apron she wiped the sweat from his cheek, and the foam of pain and agony from those lips from which she had often drained deep draughts of love and delight.

The murderous ruffian now tendered the test, as the only means of escape from death — instant death; and what a test! a compromise of conscience, a trampling on the tenderest feelings of devotion and principle. The agonized husband cast an eye of bitter meaning on his wife, and she at once understood the appeal, and nobly she answered it. "John Craig," she said, with a voice slightly broken, for the woman and the wife were holding a fearful strife in her breast, — "John Craig, care not for me; I am friendless, I am poor, I have none on earth to care for me but you, but God will care for me, John; He is the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow; He who has cared for me up till this time will give me strength to witness this last trial — to drain to the dregs this cup of unmixed

bitterness and grief. We have often prayed together, dear John, when we were safe in our own sweet cottage, when we feared no danger and suffered no evil; and shall we not pray now when the shades of death compass us around, and hem us in on every side? Come, John, let us pray to Him who is the hearer of prayer, and who hath not told any of the seed of Jacob to seek His face in vain." And he looked on her and was comforted, and shook away the first and only tear he had shed; and there they knelt on the frozen ground, the husband and the wife, and prayed a prayer which made even the rude and thoughtless troopers turn aside and weep.

But Sir John's heart was hardened; he rudely broke in on their devotions, cursed their canting whine, and commanded the helpless and manacled man to kneel down on a little stone, and the troopers to prepare their carbines. He obeyed without a murmur; but when he rose to take his place as commanded, all men wondered at the change which that short season of prayer had wrought on his countenance. His eye was no longer clouded and downcast, but gleamed with an exultation and light which seemed to reflect something beyond the grave — brighter and more glorious than the sun in his unclouded pride; he kissed the pale and bloodless cheek of his Isobel,

and walked with a stately and unflinching step to the appointed place; but, before he kneeled down, he looked steadily at Erskine castle, the windows of which were glittering in the morning sun, and many thought that a shade of sorrow passed over his manly brow. He stood as if entranced for a moment or two, and then spake in tones more sorrowful than angry. "We are commanded to pray for our enemies, and from my soul I beseech that my blood may not be laid to the charge of this man, but I may not conceal what God commands me to speak: I shall indeed fall by your hands, but I will not fall unavenged; you will not see it — none here present will see it — but as surely as I speak, it will come to pass. Yet three generations, and the proud house of Rath will cease to be, and fearful will the curse fall: would I could avert it! but God has decreed it, and what mortal shall stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou? Farewell, time — farewell, all created comforts; welcome, eternity — welcome, heaven — welcome, eternal life. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Amen! and amen!"*

Here he bent his head and ceased to speak. The troopers unslung their muskets and took aim,

* These concluding exclamations are almost verbatim from the *Scot's Worthies.*

and the miserable wife kneeled down also, covering her eyes firmly with both hands. She saw nothing — she heard nothing; and when she came to her recollection, the band had retired, and her young good-man was lying at her feet, with his brains sprinkled over his fair and manly face. She stretched the body out on the snow, for she had now no home — the wretches had burned the cottage to the ground — and after closing those eyes which had never spoken to her but in the language of peace and love and joy, she prayed to their common God, and found comfort such as the world can neither give nor take away.

The rest of the tale is short, and will not tire out your patience. The murdering crew spent the whole of that day in the village, and none dared to visit the widowed mourner, lest they should be suspected of treasonable communing; such was the nature of these fearful times. That night a storm raged, such as no one remembered ever having witnessed. The wind howled, and swept over the hills and down the glens, as if the prince of darkness had been riding in triumph at the good services rendered him by his liege vassals. The snow fell fast and thick, and the mountain burns foamed, and boiled, and roared like mighty rivers diverted from their proper

channels. The next morning some pitying neighbors sought the lone cottage on the hill; but what a scene presented itself! There lay the martyr, calm as when he first entered into his rest, half shrouded in the drifted snow, and by his side his young widowed wife, cold and stiff and dead, the big tear drops frozen on her wan cheek. But they had been tears of holy rapture and joy; she had found comfort in death, for a calm smile still seemed to linger about her mouth, and, like the holy Stephen, those who stood around "saw *her* face as it had been the face of an angel."

* * * *

They both lie here, doubtless in hope of a glorious and blessed resurrection, and in that tomb sleeps their murderer, till the thunder of the last dread trumpet call the oppressor and the oppressed before His throne, who will judge all men according to the deeds done in the flesh, whether they be good or whether they be evil. God alone knows his fate; but, sir, not for all the wealth of the Indies ten times told, would I change that little neglected hillock of earth for yonder proud sculptured tomb. The curse has not yet fallen on the house of the spoiler; but as sure as that noontide sun is shining over our heads, it will come, and that quickly. The blood of Abel

cried not in vain from the earth, neither will that of John Craig and Isobel Ross; for precious in God's sight is the blood of his saints.

* * * *

It was long after the old man had ceased to speak, that I looked up, and when I did so he was gone. I was sitting alone, between the patrician tomb and the humble earthen mound, through the long rank grass of which the piping wind whistled in wild fitful gusts, as if the inhabitants of the tombs were lamenting their destinies and woes.

When at last I rose, I felt as if I were recovering from some strange sickness or troubled dream. "*The third generation,*" I continued repeating, over and over to myself, — "the third generation. 'T is indeed come. What if the strange legend of that old dotard should be true? But no! 't is but an idle tale — the invention of credulous superstition — an old wife's fable, to frighten children withal. May the curse light on the inventor of such an improbable farrago!" But for all this, I felt a kind of nameless awe and apprehension hang over me, and I half wished that I had never seen the peasant, and never heard his tale.

When going out of the enclosure, I saw some farmers ride past in the direction of my father's house, with favors in their hats, as if for a bridal;

and between intervals of joyous shouts of laughter, I heard mention made of Rath house, as the scene of some such festivity. I could not prevail on myself to question the many groups as to particulars, but rode on, congratulating myself on my good fortune in reaching home on such an occasion, when all would be mirth, and happiness, and rejoicing.

Rath house, the seat of my fathers, stands at the extremity of a steep perpendicular line or curtain of rock, which, without break or stay, goes sheer down full twenty fathoms, till it ends in a deep and rapid stream, rushing through a narrow gorge, and scantily studded with a sort of dwarfish stunted brushwood, through which the boiling and bubbling of the water is seen at broken intervals.

Along the ridge of this steep it was the custom, when any marriage occurred in the family, for the bridal procession to ride to church, which stood in a glen about half a mile distant; and on such an occasion the bride and bridegroom rode double, that is, on one horse, the lady sitting behind, on an ancient pad used only for that purpose. 'T was one of those old antiquated observances which almost every family of any standing has, and which is kept up merely because practised by former generations; and as the ceremony

generally took place a little after mid-day, so I fully calculated on meeting the joyous throng, midway at least. "It will be my brother's bridal," said I, "and my father will be there — and my old uncle, Heaven bless him! will be there — and Helen Vere, perchance, will be there as bride-maid. Little does she dream how soon she may ride the principal feature in a similar solemnity. The thought of Helen inspired me with new vigor; the legend of the churchyard was all forgotten. I spurred up my horse, and ere long the gray towers and turrets of my fathers rose before me, gloriously sprinkled by the fervid beams of an unclouded July sun. I recognised a friend in every stone, an old acquaintance in every tree. I even thought I knew the crows' nests which I had so often despoiled; and I could swear to the initials of my name, which, with Helen's assistance, I had feloniously carved out of the smooth bark of a huge chestnut tree.

But other thoughts now occupied my mind, for I heard the joyous shouts of many a light-hearted boy and maiden; and presently, turning a corner of the way, I saw indeed a bridal procession, advancing in all its glittering circumstance and panoply. My heart beat high. "I will meet them on foot," I said, "as an unknown individual, and their joy and surprise will be the greater."

So I turned my horse into an adjoining field, and, mantling my face in my capacious cloak, I pursued my way, filled with a variety of contending feelings, which I can neither analyse nor describe.

On came the procession. My father (according to usage) rode first, on an ancient steed, which had faithfully served him for more than twenty years. The old man was feeble, and more bent than when I parted with him; yet still I was rejoiced to see that time had laid his hand but gently on his honored head. His eye had waxed dim, however, and he rode past me without stop or recognition. Then came my relations, — distant connexions, whom I had never seen, or, having seen them merely as children, did not know. The ignorance was mutual. I was merely regarded as a spectator of the solemnity of the day. At last the bridegroom appeared, on a gallant piebald steed, which proudly pranced beneath his joyful burden, as if he gloried in the weight. I could not be mistaken; it was indeed my brother, my only darling brother, who, from a laughing lad, had grown up into a noble man, — a man whom in a crowded street you would turn back and gaze upon, as a perfect model of his race. Grace and power were in every motion and look; the light ease of the Apollo was admi-

rably blended with the nerve and muscle of the Hercules.

He rode up, and, as usual, the bride sat behind him, tall, slender, and nobly fashioned, and bashfully retiring as the graceful gazelle. I was about to speak, when a passing gust of wind blew aside her veil, and there I beheld Helen! ay, Helen Vere, my first, my only love, and my all but pledged bride. What misery, and despair, and rage, were concentrated in that little moment! All my hopes, all the wanderings, and toils, and privations, became but as empty wind by that look. I seemed in that moment to live over fifteen long years of my life. My first feelings of love — my parting kiss — my dreams of her when far away, danced wildly in my brain. She was another's bride! The sudden shock was too much for feeble, frail reason to sustain. I forgot where I was — what I was doing. I rushed forward; I threw out my arms, like one battling with some tempest-vexed sea. I screamed, I laughed, I shouted ha, ha, ha! till the rocks echoed as with the howling of a thousand wolves. My blood felt like liquid fire; my eyes seemed starting from their burning sockets; my veins were swollen to agony, and my heart seemed glowing and crackling, as if the infernal fire of a whole eternity were concentrated in its narrow

limits. "Welcome, my love! welcome, my lady bride!" I shouted, "you have kept your troth bravely — we shall have a merry bridal — ha, ha, ha! But who laughs?" I exclaimed, startled at the hideous sound of my own maniac voice — "who dares laugh at us — ha! she rides with a demon — 't is death, death himself — see you not the fleshless limbs through the bravery of his crimson robes — down, down fiend! — down, in God's name or the devil's, to your native hell!" And, possessed with the wild fantasy which my whirling brain had conjured up, I rushed at my brother to pull him from his seat. I had the nerve of a giant — I was blind with the fury of raging madness: the horse with its riders were near the edge of the rock — I sprung forward at the imaginary enemy, and oh, horror! horror! horror! over they went, horse and riders, over the naked craggy precipice. All I have described passed in a moment of time — the pair, thank God! never, on this earth at least, knew their murderer.

The moment they fell, my reason returned like a flash of light — I was fascinated, rooted to the spot, gazing into the abyss of death and horror. I saw, I marked every thing; I saw the steed with its burden dash from point to point; I even noted the sparks which the hoofs of the agonized

brute struck from the flinty side of the ravine, and I distinctly heard a low but terribly clear shriek of mortal agony mingling with the sullen crash, which told they had reached their grave at the bottom.

The frenzy again came upon me; I lost all thought, all fear: regardless of the tremendous height, I swung myself down by bush and stone, getting footing and holding which, in no other circumstances I could have found or availed myself of. I heard a confused murmur of voices above me, the gradual diminishment of which was the only index to my progress; and at length, bruised and breathless, but strong with fever and madness, I reached the bottom.

At first I could discern nothing; my eye was bloodshot and dim — I was dizzy too, and sick and faint; for the first excitation had begun to wear away. At last I saw something dark mingled with white; it grew plainer and plainer, like the phantasmagorical scene of a magic lantern; my sight gradually regained its wonted power — my reason and consciousness returned, and I saw what will haunt me till the spirit hath parted with the flesh — even longer, it may be.

* * * *

It was very terrible to be sitting there in that wild fastness beside the dead, who but minutes

— moments, ay, had been rioting in life, and health, and joy — and I had caused the change; but for me, they still had been tenants of this glad and sunny earth, still felt the blessed freshness of the western breeze which now whirled the withered oak leaves around their unconscious forms. The solitude was awful. I have been in the wild battle, where death held his bloodiest carnival, — I have been at sea when the masts were sprung, and the breakers a-head were already baptizing the bows of the devoted ship, — and I have been in a city whose walls were crumbling, and whose palaces were sinking under the tornado and earthquake; — at that moment I would have rushed into the whole of these united, if that could be, as a blessed refuge from the calm, still quiet of death and desolation which that lonely gulf now presented.

Helen's face, by some chance, was untouched, unmutilated; her head resting on the side of the horse, she seemed as if peacefully gazing at me, as she was wont in bygone years, when reposing with me on the sunny side of some green *gowan*-decked hill. I could not believe that what had happened was real — I spoke to her — I grasped her hand yet warm with recent life — I laughed, I upbraided her for her cold apathy and neglect. "What! not one word, Helen, after our long

absence? Is this kind? 'T is but to try, my love — speak, Helen, speak but one word to say that you are still my own little black-haired laughing Helen." My eye glanced on the fearfully mutilated form of my brother — the damning reality at once pressed upon my brain — for an instant I felt torments to which the severest bodily agony would be pleasure and ease — but madness, blessed madness, came to my relief; and I awoke, as after a long and troubled sleep, in the very room where I had slept when a child.

A strange fancy struck me: I thought for a moment that I was still a boy, that my residence in India, the fearful crag, and the lapse of fifteen long years, were but the visionary creations of the erratic dream of a single night; and I almost expected to hear the laughing voice of Helen Vere outside my chamber-door, chiding me for lying so long a-bed, when the sun had risen two hours before, and the tame stock-doves would be wearying for their accustomed food.

Two old withered hags, sick-nurses I presume, sat on each side of my couch in earnest converse, and I gently raised myself on my elbow to listen. "In truth," said one, "'t is an awful story; 't is lucky the old man died before he knew it was his son." "What strange fancies he had, to be

sure," quoth the other; "because the bride was timersome, and did not like riding a-horseback, he must needs have the bridemaid to take her place: well, well, old folks will have their fancies; the laird was ever particular in keeping up the freaks of the family." I could hear no more — "She *was* true then!" I yelled, and sunk back stunned and senseless, like one stricken by a million thunderbolts.

* * * *

I found myself naked and chained in the dungeon of a mad-house; it was cold, piercing cold; the night was wild and stormy, a high hoarse-voiced wind shook the dark tall trees which grew around the window, and their shadows, reflected by the bright moonlight, danced and flickered on the roof and walls of my cell like demons laughing at me, and mocking my distress; a great moping screech-owl was perched outside the gratings of the window; and as the neighboring church clock chimed the hour of one, it slowly and sluggishly raised its head for a moment, opened its heavy dull eye, and then slumbered as before: the clanking of chains was sullenly heard at intervals; and above, and below, and from every side, came fearful demoniac-like gusts of screaming and laughter, and shrieks of insensate

agony, and wild dark blasphemies and execrations.

* * * *

Thanks be to God, I am again in my sound mind — the fierce remembrance of the above fearful passages has softened down into a settled permanent melancholy. I cannot bear society — I see no one but the old clergyman of the village, whose pious communings have tended in no small degree to make me bear my lot with patience. But when I look at the desolation which pervades my paternal mansion and lawns, when I look at my worn out frame, and my hair prematurely gray with sorrow and watching, and think that with me one of the oldest families in the land will cease to exist, a feeling of unspeakable loneliness will ever and anon steal upon me; and I think with chastened wonder upon the ways of that God which are past finding out, and which baffle and put to fault the wisest imaginings of our poor, erring, short-sighted race.

SPRING MORNING.

BY THE LATE MARY ANN BROWN.

From out the portals of the east,
A beam of glory streams o'er all;
And from the groves, a thousand strains
Of music, rise and fall.

The violet's bell, the daisy's star,
The primrose pale, salute the day;
And bees freed from their wint'ry cells,
Hum on their drowsy way.

The brook has snapp'd its icy chain,
And singeth through the meadow sere;
And in the heavens the lark's blithe lay
Rings out a welcome clear.

Warm misty hues are gath'ring round
The leafless woods, the mountain's breast;
Whose shadows in the crystal mere,
In sunny silence rest.

The dewy dales, the uplands brown,
In verdant beauty smile and blush;
And from the crag's moss cover'd brow
The limpid streamlets gush.

The rain fraught clouds their treasures pour,
Sweet balmy winds their fragrance fling;
And leaf, and bud, and blossom bright,
Welcome the rosy Spring.

THE FIELD OF TERROR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

At the foot of the Giant Mountain, (so called from its preëminent height,) in a fertile district of Silesia, there fell to be divided, among several relations, the property of a rich commoner, who had died without children, and whose various farms were scattered about different parts of the country.

For this purpose, they had assembled in a small inn of the head village, and would have very soon come to an amicable agreement on the division of their inheritance, had it not been that it included one farm, called THE FIELD OF TERROR; which, of course, no one was inclined to receive for his portion.

Yet the surface of this field was adorned with blooming flowers, and a variety of wild shrubs and underwood, betokening at once the fertility of the soil, and the neglect of the husbandman.

Many years indeed had passed since any one had ventured there with a plough, nor had any seeds been planted or sown, but those which nature herself supplied. Or, if some bold adventurer had now and then made such an attempt, the work oxen were invariably seized with an incontrollable fury; — even the ploughman and sower fled in wild affright, complaining that horrible spectres floated around them, pretending to join in their labor, — and looking over their shoulders with a hideous confidence and familiarity, which no mortal courage could endure.

Who should now take this accursed and ominous field into his allotment, became the grand question in debate. To every one it appeared (according to the usual way of the world) that what to himself was even in idea insupportable, might, by his neighbor, be encountered without risk or hesitation. Thus they continued disputing till a late hour of the evening. At last, after an interval of silence, one of the party announced the following suggestion.

"We are," said he, "according to the injunctions of our predecessor, obliged to make some provision for a poor cousin, who lives here in this village. To us the girl is but very distantly related — besides, she will probably soon have a good husband to protect her, for she is amiable

and prudent, and is commonly called the beautiful Sabina. Therefore, my counsel is, that we freely give to our cousin, in a present, this 'Field of Terror.' We shall then have at once fulfilled our duty, and supplied a dowry for Sabina; which, unpromising as it appears at present, may yet prove no inconsiderable fortune, if her husband should chance to be sufficiently skilful and courageous to venture on its improvement." The rest of the party unanimously approved of this motion; and one of their number was immediately despatched on an embassy to acquaint Sabina with their determination.

Before this debate was at an end, Sabina had, in the dusk of the evening, heard a light knocking at the door. To her question of "who was there?" an answer was returned, which induced her immediately to rise from her seat, open the lattice, and look out. It was the well-remembered and long wished for voice of Conrad; a young man, like herself handsome and amiable, but also extremely poor; on which account he had left the village about two years before as a soldier, in hopes of returning with such a portion of worldly gain, as might render practicable a marriage with the beloved mistress, whose affections he had already won.

Pleasant and affecting was it now to behold

how the tall and graceful young soldier, with joyful countenance, proffered his faithful right hand to Sabina — while her bright and beautiful eyes, glistening with tears, beamed through the changeless verdure of ivy boughs on her changeless lover!

"Ah, Conrad!" said she, deeply blushing, "Heaven be praised that your life has been preserved; — for this alone, I prayed in your long absence; nor do I now require any other boon of fortune!" — "Her golden gifts, indeed," said Conrad, smiling and shaking his head, "have come but sparingly — yet, at least, I have returned richer than I went; and if my dear Sabina has but courage, I think we might now venture on marriage, and honorably brave the world." "Ah, faithful Conrad!" sighed his mistress, "to link thy fate unalterably thus, for weal and wo, with a poor helpless orphan!" "Dearest girl," interrupted the soldier — "if thou lov'st me, say but 'YES,' and rest assured, that all will go well — we shall live together happier indeed than king and queen!" "But," said Sabina, "are you then free — no longer a soldier?" Conrad, without speaking, now searched in a leather purse which contained his little fortune, for a silver medal, which he handed to Sabina, who held it so that the light of her lamp fell on the

device. With old-fashioned wit, a broken drum was there represented, and Sabina began to read the motto — "Thank heaven war has"—"Thank heaven war has an end"* — "it should say," added Conrad, — "it is true, indeed, that peace is not yet ratified; but there is a truce, which will probably have good results; and meanwhile, our general has disbanded his troops."

With joyful anticipations, Sabina now gave her hand to her lover; then opened the cottage door, and allowed him, as her accepted bridegroom, to enter the small apartment, where he sat down beside his mistress, and related how he had gained a small sum in gold and silver, from an Italian officer, whom he had honorably conquered in the field; and who, by the surrender of this treasure, had ransomed his life. Turning her wheel industriously, and smiling softly, at intervals, on her brave lover, Sabina congratulated herself, that neither to her own or to Conrad's *future* gains, the slightest imputation of injustice or violence could be attached.

During this conversation, her cousin made his appearance to deliver his embassy. Sabina, with modest blushes, introduced to him Conrad as her accepted lover, just returned from an honorable

* The word END (*lock*) in German, is here susceptible of a pun, which cannot be translated.

campaign. "Ha, then," said her new guest, "I have luckily come in the very nick of time; for if by chance your bridegroom has returned from the wars without much worldly gain, the dowry with which, by authority of your other cousins, I am now to present you, will no doubt be very welcome to him." Conrad, on the contrary, was of a spirit too proud and independent, and besides, was too much of a romantic lover, to express any sort of exultation on hearing this address. The humble Sabina, however, as yet unconscious of what her cousins really intended, seemed to acknowledge, on this occasion, the special favor of Providence, and cast down her eyes, with soft smiles of gladness and gratitude. But when she now heard that her whole portion was to be the Field of Terror, then the selfish avarice of her cousins struck at once with icy coldness on her heart, and she could no longer restrain the starting tears of disappointment. Her cousin looked at her with scornful smiles, pretending to regret that she should have reckoned on any better share of the inheritance, this being a much larger portion than, from the degree of her relationship, she was entitled to receive.

Upon this, he wished immediately to retire. Conrad, however, intercepted his retreat, and, with a cold composure, which often accompanied

his greatest indignation, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I perceive that of the good intentions of the deceased to my betrothed wife, you and your companions have chosen to make a jest, and that you are altogether resolved that not one farthing shall accrue to her from your inheritance. Yet we now take, in God's name, your allotment, hoping that this Field of Terror, which, in the hands of envious and avaricious poltroons, might have remained barren, may, under the management of a brave soldier, prove of more worth than you suppose."

Sabina's cousin, terrified by Conrad's martial appearance, turned pale, and did not venture on any reply. On his departure, the young soldier kissed the tears from the beautiful eyes of his bride, and hastened with her to a neighboring priest, to plight before him their mutual troth, and appoint their wedding-day.

Within a few weeks after this, Conrad and Sabina were married, and began to arrange their small household. The young man had spent almost all his gold and silver in the purchase of two fine oxen, a plough, seed-corn, and household furniture. The remainder was just sufficient to guard, with prudence and frugality, against the privations of poverty, until the next harvest season. However, when Conrad first went out

with his plough and oxen to labor, he looked back laughing to Sabina, and promised her that the gold which he was now to trust in the ground would not prove deceitful, and that by another year they would be far richer. Sabina looked after him anxiously, and wished only to see him safely returned from the Field of Terror.

Conrad, indeed, returned earlier than she had expected, but in a mood of mind by no means so tranquil as that in which he had set out. He dragged behind him his plough, broken in pieces, and laboriously goaded along *one* of his oxen, severely wounded, while he himself also was bleeding in the shoulder and head. Yet, after all, he strove to look cheerful and unconcerned; and, with the unconquerable spirit of a brave soldier, tried to console the weeping Sabina. "Now," said he, "you will have enough to do! Salting, pickling, and cookery! The goblins on the Field of Terror have provided us with beef enough for a whole season. This poor animal has, in his madness, hurt himself so much as to be quite useless, and (at least as long as he lives) *incurable.* His comrade has run furiously down the mountain. I saw him fall into the torrent below, from whence he will never be recovered."

"My cousins! Oh, my wicked cousins!" cried Sabina: "Now has their perfidious gift

robbed us of all your hard won earnings; and above all, dear Conrad, you are yourself dangerously wounded."

"As to my wounds, they are nothing," replied her husband; "the pair of oxen, no doubt, got me once between them when their fury was at its full height, and I was resolved not to let them go. But all this, Heaven be praised! I have got well over; and to-morrow morning, I shall make another attempt on the Field of Terror."

Sabina now tried, by every method in her power, to dissuade him from this resolve; but he said firmly, that the field, so long as he lived, should not be suffered to remain unprofitable; where a man could not plough, he must dig; and the goblin would now no longer have to deal with timid irrational animals, but with a steady and experienced soldier, who scorned to run, even from the devil himself. In the course of that day, he had a butcher to kill and cut up the poor wounded beast; and next morning, while Sabina had betaken herself to her new employment of pickling and salting, Conrad had proceeded again upon his way, scarcely less contented now, when he had but a pickaxe and spade, than on the preceding day, when he set out in style with a plough and team of oxen.

On this occasion it was somewhat late in the evening before he returned: he was fatigued, and even looked pale; yet he was more cheerful, and soon tranquillized his timid and anxious wife. "This kind of husbandry," said he, "is rather tiresome, no doubt; besides, there is a strange ghostly looking figure, that starts up now on one side, and now on another, mocks at my labor, and interrupts me both by gestures and words. However, he seems even himself to wonder that I take so little notice of him; and upon this I gain always new courage, which, indeed, never can be wanting to an honest man, who is only desirous peaceably to follow out his own proper avocations."

In this manner many days and weeks were spent. The resolute Conrad persevered undauntedly in the labor of levelling the ground and rooting out the weeds, digging and sowing in the most favorable situations. It is true, indeed, that with the spade alone he was able to cultivate but a very small part of the field; however, he redoubled on this account his care and attention; and at length had the satisfaction to see a harvest spring up, which, if not very rich, yet promised, and made good, a profit fully equal to his expectations. He was obliged, however, to get through the toil of reaping and leading home as well as

he could, without the assistance of any friend or servant. No day-laborers would, for any temptation of wages, venture on the Field of Terror; and as to Sabina, her husband would not suffer her to go thither, more especially as he had reason to think that he would soon become a father. The child accordingly was born, and in the third year after their marriage, was followed by another, while, in other respects, no material change had yet taken place in Conrad's situation. By courage and exertion, he knew how to gain harvest upon harvest from the field; and thus fulfilled his assurance to Sabina, that in their married state they would honorably brave the world.

One autumnal evening, when the deep shades of darkness had already fallen around him, Conrad as usual (his harvest having been reaped and cleared away) plied industriously his labor with the spade. Suddenly there arose opposite to him the figure of a tall muscular man, black and swarthy like a collier, with a long iron bar or poker in his hand, who said to him — "Is there not then one pair of oxen to be had in this country, that you labor with both hands in this manner? Yet to judge by the extent of your grounds, you should be a rich farmer!" Conrad knew very well who it was that spoke to him, and persevered in his usual way — that is, he kept silence, turned

his eyes and thoughts as much as possible from the goblin, and plied at his task more assiduously than before. But the collier did not in his usual manner vanish away, in order to return in a form more hideous and distracting; but, on the contrary, stood still, and said, in a friendly tone — "Conrad, you do great injustice not only to me, but to yourself. Answer me with truth and confidence. Perhaps I could point out a remedy for all your evils." "Well, in God's name," said Conrad, "if by your words you deceive me, the guilt is yours, and not mine!" Then he began, without farther hesitation to relate accurately and truly all that had befallen him since his possession of that field; nor did he in the least conceal his indignation at the hobgoblin, who, by his perpetual interruptions, had rendered it so difficult for him, with the assistance of only a pickaxe and spade, to raise a sufficient harvest for the bare maintenance of himself and his family.

The collier listened to him seriously and attentively; then, after some reflection, replied as follows: "I think, friend, that you already know very well who I am; and it argues no little courage on your part, not to have abated one jot of your honor as a soldier, but truly and openly to have expressed how much you are dissatisfied

with me. To tell the truth, you have had reason enough to be angry; but as I have proved you to be a brave fellow, I shall now make a proposal which may do you no little service. Now listen: There are times when after I have, in wood, field, and mountain, played the fool, and terrified the people to my heart's content, there has risen within me a sincere and ardent desire of entering into the family of some honest householder, and living there regularly and peaceably for one half year. Now then, what if you should hire me for this half year as your servant?" "It is base and wicked in thee," said Conrad, "thus to mock at an honest man, who has, at thine own request, given thee his confidence." "Nay, nay," said the other, "there is no mockery — I am quite serious. You shall find an honest laborer in me; and so long as I remain in your service, not one phantom will appear on the Field of Terror, so that you may bring a whole herd of oxen thither without apprehension." "That, indeed, would be something," said Conrad, meditating; "if I only knew that thou wouldst keep thy promise; and especially, whether I, as a Christian, may venture to deal with thee!" "As for the last point, you must judge for yourself," said the goblin; "but my promise I have never yet broken, and never shall, as long as the Giant Mountain

stands; neither am I by nature very wicked — somewhat wild and sportive, it is true — but this is all." "I believe indeed," said Conrad, "that thou art the well known Rubezahl." "Listen," said the stranger, somewhat angrily: "If you believe this, know also that the powerful genius of this land cannot endure to be called by that pitiful name, but chooses to be styled the Lord of the Mountain!" "He would prove a goodly menial, forsooth, whom I must learn to style the Lord of the Mountain!" said Conrad. "You may call me Waldmann,* then," said the collier. Conrad looked steadfastly at him for some time, and at last answered — "Good! it shall be so! — Methinks I shall do no wrong in accepting thine offer. I have often seen that people take dogs for turnspits, and use other irrational animals about a household — why not then a goblin?" At this the collier laughed heartily, and said — "Well! this is certainly the first time that such conditions were ever made with one of my rank; but even for this very reason, and for the sake of variety, I like it the better. So then, dear master, your hand on the bargain! Conrad, however, insisted on some special conditions; first, that his new servant should never make it known to

* In English, Woodman.

Sabina, or the children, that he had any connexion with the Field of Terror, and still less, that he had come from the hideous gloomy caverns of the Giant Mountains; secondly, that within the limits of his master's house and garden, no sort of *diablerie* should ever be exhibited; and as Waldmann very readily agreed to all this, the bargain was forthwith concluded, and they went home amicably together.

Sabina was not a little surprised at this addition to her household, and entertained considerable feelings of terror at the gigantic swarthy figure of the new servant. The children also would not for some time venture out of doors, if he were at work in the garden or farm-yard. However, by his quiet, regular, and industrious conduct, Waldmann soon gained the good opinion of every one; or if at any time, in a foolish fit of merriment, he began to hunt about with the dogs, or play tricks on the poultry, it was found to be more in jest than really mischievous. Even then, a single look from his master was sufficient to bring him again within his accustomed and prudential limits.

Confiding in the promise of the mountain spirit, Conrad had again boldly ventured on the purchase of a yoke of oxen; and with his plough newly repaired, went once more merrily to the field. Sabina looked after him apprehensively,

and yet more anxiously waited in the evening for his return, fearing that he would at last come home, not only with disappointed hopes, but more dangerously wounded than before. Singing, however, and driving his tractable fine oxen before him, Conrad marched (while the first evening bell was ringing) through the village. In high glee he kissed his wife and children, and even shook his black servant heartily by the hand.

Many times also did Waldmann lead out and bring home the work oxen in this manner, while Conrad in his turn staid at home and labored in the farm-yard or garden. A large portion of the Field of Terror was ere long ploughed up, and all went on prosperously, to the astonishment of the villagers, and envious displeasure of Sabina's avaricious cousins. Conrad, however, often thought to himself, "This is all but for a short time; and how the harvest is to be reaped and brought home Heaven knows! Long before that season Waldmann's servitude will be at an end, and the goblins on the Field of Terror may be more troublesome than ever. Yet a labor of this kind," added he, "will of itself strengthen both heart and hand, and perhaps Waldmann, as he has indeed frequently in his mirthful moments hinted, will, for the sake of old friendship, restrain him-

self till the field is cleared of this one harvest at least."

The winter now had arrived; the labor on the Field of Terror was ended; and Conrad industriously plied with his oxen at the necessary task of bringing home wood for the stove and kitchen hearth. About this time, it happened one day that Sabina was called to a poor widow in the village who had fallen sick of a fever, and whom she was in the habit of assisting sedulously, in so far as her newly amended circumstances would allow. Only she was now puzzled, in her husband's absence, how to dispose of the children; Waldmann, however, entreated that she would give them in charge to him; and as the little ones were accustomed to his stories, and were willing to remain with him, Sabina at last agreed, and without farther hesitation, cheerfully went on her charitable errand.

About an hour afterwards, Conrad returned from the forest. He drew the wood-cart into the shed, put his oxen into the stable, and then went merrily home, to warm his stiffened limbs at the comfortable kitchen fire. Suddenly he heard the voices of his children painfully weeping — instantly he started up, burst open the door of the parlor, and found them crouching together, under the stove, screaming with terror,

and Waldmann jumping meanwhile, making hideous grimaces, with a coronet of living fire on his dishevelled and staring hair.

"What the devil is all this?" said Conrad in great indignation, when, in a moment, the portentous ornament on Waldmann's head was extinguished; he stood humbly and in silence, till at last he tried to excuse himself, by saying that he had only made game for the children. The little ones, however, came still crouching and complaining to their father, and told him how Waldmann had first terrified them with wild stories, and afterwards appeared to them wearing a sheep's head at one time, and a dog's head at another. "Enough — enough!" interrupted Conrad, "Get thee gone, fellow! We don't remain another hour under the same roof together!" With these words, he seized Waldmann, thrust him out of doors, even as far as the outer garden gate. Meanwhile he commanded the children to remain quiet in the parlor; — their father was now returned, and they felt secure against every danger.

The mysterious servant at first bore all this without a word; however, when he stood alone with Conrad, amid the wintry landscape, he said laughing, "Listen, Master! methinks we must again be reconciled to one another; I have in-

deed played a foolish trick, but shall never be guilty in like manner again. It was only one offence — you must overlook it." "Even in this very way," said Conrad, "the same humor might seize thee again, and thou wouldst easily terrify my children to madness. Our contract, therefore, is at an end." "My half year is not at an end," said Waldmann, in defiance, "therefore I shall return into thy house." "Not a step, — not even to the threshold," said Conrad, "thou hast irrevocably broken our bargain by thy cursed hobgoblinary. All that I can do for thee is to pay thy full wages — there it is, and get thee gone." "Full wages!" said the spirit, laughing in scorn, "knowest thou not my inexhaustible treasures in the caverns of the mountain?" "It is not for thy sake, but for my own, that I pay thee," said Conrad; "for I am resolved not to remain in debt neither to man nor devil." With these words, he thrust the money with violence into Waldmann's pocket. "What shall now become of the Field of Terror?" said the demon, half angrily. "Whatever God pleases!" said Conrad, "Sixteen Fields of Terror were to me nothing when weighed against one hair on the head of either of my children. Therefore be gone, I say, unless you first wish to receive a hearty beating, that you will remember! "Soft-

ly!" said the spirit, "When a being of my class assumes the form of a man, he never fails to choose a stout one. In the beating that you design for me, you might chance to meet with the worst, and then God be merciful to you!" "That He has ever been," said Conrad, "and his providence has endowed me with a stout frame also. To thy mountains, therefore, begone, thou hateful monster — I warn thee for the last time!"

Then Waldmann, being at these last words violently provoked, fell upon Conrad, and a tough and obstinate battle raged between them. They struggled backwards and forwards, and twined their arms round each other, victory remaining for a long while uncertain, till at last Conrad, by a master-stroke in wrestling, brought his opponent to the ground, kneeled upon his breast, and, continuing to pommel him heartily as he lay, cried aloud: "Now shalt thou learn what it is to lift thine arm against thy liege master, thou treacherous fiend of the mountains!"

The prostrate Waldmann, however, laughed so heartily at all this, that Conrad, believing that he made game of him, redoubled his blows with greater violence, till at last his victim called aloud, "Let alone! Let alone! I do not laugh at thee, but at myself, and I now humbly beg pardon!" That is another affair," said the gen-

erous Conrad, who now immediately rose up, and assisted his conquered adversary to get upon his legs. "I have tried this way of life long enough in all conscience," said Rubezahl, still laughing, "I dare swear it never happened to any one of my rank before to carry his education so far! But, listen, friend, you must at least confess that I have dealt honorably by you, for you well know that I could have, in one moment, brought a whole troop of mountain spirits to my assistance. However, to say the truth, I could not have called on them for laughing."

Conrad looked thoughtfully at Rubezahl, who continued his mirth, and at last said, "I must acknowledge that thou hast reason now to bear me a grudge, and of this I shall probably feel the consequences, not only on the Field of Terror, but elsewhere. But, Sir, I cannot repent of what I have done. I used only the right of an honest householder, and all for the sake of my beloved children. Truly, if it were yet to do, I should act heartily in the very same manner."

"No, no!" said the laughing Rubezahl, "Give yourself no trouble. I have for one time had quite enough. But of this much, however, be assured —henceforward, from year to year, you may labor on the Field of Terror, and not one spectre, while the Giant Mountain stands, shall be visible

there. Now, farewell, mine honorable yet severe master!"

With these words, and with a familiar and confidential nod, he vanished, nor did Conrad ever behold him again. Rubezahl, however, failed not to remember his promise, which, indeed, was much more than fulfilled. An extraordinary blessing attended all the labors of Conrad, and he was in a short time the richest farmer in the village. When his children played upon the Field of Terror, which both they and Sabina now visited without apprehension, they told sometimes how the good Waldmann had come, and with what pretty stories he had entertained them. At such times, the little ones were agreeably surprised to find their pockets stored with sweetmeats or glittering toys, among which a valuable gold coin was frequently discovered.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

[A venerable gentleman, yet living, and well known to many of the good and the learned of our land, was once brought low by sickness; and during a deep sleep, was perceived to be strongly affected in spirit by some powerful dream. His friends, fearing the enfeebled vital principle might become extinct, should this excitement continue, awaked him. Nothing was then said on the subject by either party; nor, till many years after, when he told a friend the vision that he had in that sleep. He was at the gates of heaven, just entering on his rest — saw things too great and glorious to be told — heard a voice say, "Who shall conduct this spirit to his seat?" Then came forth an angelic band to meet him, one after another answering, "I will conduct my son — my husband — my father — my brother." * * *]

WHY did ye wake me thus to time and sense,
When I was sweetly, sweetly passing hence —
When I had nearly joined the happy band
Bearing the palm-branch in the spirit land?
When my faint soul the balmy air had breathed,
Fresh, through the flowers by angel fingers wreathed,
Where sat the Dove within the tree of life!
How could ye call me back to pain and strife?

I had look'd in, and round the living fount
Seen the bright throng whom God alone can count!
I saw the ransom'd walk with folded wing,
Save when they veil'd their faces near their king;
I heard the harping on the golden chord
Sound with the anthem, "Holy is the Lord!"
I saw the beaming of the martyr's crown; —
Yet I from all, to dust was hurried down!

There were my parents — Oh! I knew 't was they —
They who had taught my infant lips to pray.
I saw the mother of my children there —
She who had train'd them up with faith and prayer;
Our cherub offspring there were gather'd, too,
Pluck'd up from earth like buds in morning dew;
Gems for the Savior nought can stain or dim;
He call'd — we gave our little ones to him.

There shone my brother, with the cross he'd borne
Changed to a glory round his forehead worn.
Near him, our sister wore her smile of love,
Now made a sweeter, quenchless light above.
There sat our friend, once full of self-distrust,
Pure, single-hearted, high, among the just:
There was the meekness, that on earth was spurn'd,
Raised, and sublimely into honor turn'd.

I saw the wrong'd, the helpless, and the bound,
Whose sweat and blood had cried from out the ground,
Righted, as Justice on that throne gives right —
White, as the blood of Christ alone makes white;

Eased of their burdens — franchised from the yoke —
Heal'd of the blows which flesh and spirit broke ;
Free ! — in the fields and air of heaven set free !
Heirs of the kingdom — blest as souls can be !

I saw the poor, who in the street had died,
While priest and rich man walk'd the other side,
Giving, the one, perhaps, of alms a crumb ;
Loud while the other pray'd, *Thy kingdom come !* —
I saw that Lazar made so rich and fair,
Kings here, might wish to be the beggar there —
Saw tears, that were in dust and sackcloth shed,
Lit up to stars on many an humble head.

I saw — but nay, I must not tell below
What souls unveil'd and sainted may but know.
Wait we awhile ; we then shall upward spring,
Earth but the foot-rest where we spread the wing ;
Up, up ! and enter our eternal rest,
Heirs of the Lord, our heritage possess'd ; —
All that was mystery while our years revolved,
Life, Death, Redemption, there in glory solved !

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

One evening, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety, as Henry the Fourth of France, with a few followers was pursuing his journey on foot to Ivry, a storm suddenly enveloped the heavens in impenetrable darkness. Anxious to escape from its fury, he pushed forward with such speed, that he not only outstripped his companions, but found himself in the mazes of a dense forest from which he knew not how to emerge. In this state of uncertainty, he was on the point of stretching himself on the damp sward, and leisurely awaiting the dawn of morning; when luckily a faint light penetrated the gloom, and following its ray, he at length stood before a plain but comfortable dwelling.

Knocking loudly for admittance, the door was opened by a hale and rough looking peasant, who regarded him, at so unseasonable an hour, with not the most friendly feelings. Nothing abashed,

however, Henry informed him, he had missed his way, and requested shelter and hospitality for the night.

"How am I to believe you are an honest man in these dangerous times?" growled the peasant, "a good jerkin is often but a mask for roguery."

"Nay, nay," interrupted the wife, who at this moment appeared at the side of her husband, "the young man's countenance is a guarantee for the honesty of his character."

"Be quiet, Margaret," grumbled the peasant, "a simple fool like thee, believes all is gold that glitters."

"At all events she is right in the present instance," replied Henry, with one of those sweet smiles illumining his countenance which was ever a passport to the hearts of his friends or enemies.

"Why as to that," answered the cottager, "I claim to be the best judge, although if you were to give yourself a bad character, I should consider you to be both knave and fool. However, as the storm is promising us a rough visit, enter, and welcome."

Henry thanked his surly host, and entering the cottage, was about to seat himself beside a huge log fire that blazed and crackled right merrily in the wide and blackened chimney; but the peasant, pushing him roughly aside, said, "By Saint Denis

thou wilt not fail for lack of modesty. It is a pretty affair in troth, to see a pert young fellow like thee, come to the fireside of an honest man, to be taught the respect due to him in his own house."

"Forgive me, my worthy host," answered Henry, "I was in error, and now that I have made the apology, let me have something to stay the cravings of my appetite, which the darkness and travel have so keenly sharpened."

"By and by, Mr. Modesty," said the peasant, "you must surely have been at court in your time, you are so free and easy of speech, but my supper time is not yet arrived, and I would not spread my board before my accustomed hour to gratify even His most gracious Majesty, our good King Henry."

At this moment, a beautiful young girl bounded into the room, and gracefully making her obeisance to the stranger, placed herself by the side of the hostess. Henry, after regarding her for a few moments with pleasure, ventured to say, "Is this fair creature your daughter?"

"To be sure she is, and what is that to you?" muttered the father, "and a perverse and foolish minx it is. She should have been at rest ere this, but love plays the devil with her. She might

have been the wife too, of a good and honest farmer ; but forsooth, because he was only some fifteen years her elder, she sent him to the right about, and chose to give her heart to a beggar."

The pretty Ninette blushed deeply, and tremblingly approaching her father, was about to speak, when he rudely repulsed her — "Be quiet, you varlet, cried he ; you know that I speak truly. This traveller shall know of your obstinacy and folly, and then let him judge if I have not a right so to treat you." "Yes," continued he, "she has cast a good man, a broad farm, and a purse of two thousand crowns at her feet, — and all for what? — for a beggar, a pretty boy, but I must certainly say, a brave one. You, perhaps, young man, do not exactly agree with me. Age and youth are never the best companions; but, nevertheless, I feel justified in condemning the silly fool there, who is weeping and blushing for her fault, and yet wont mind it. I repeat, she might have a husband that would keep her as comfortable as our good king's queen, and yet she refuses to marry him, and all for the love of a beggarly fellow, — contradict me if you dare, — that beggarly fellow, Bertrand Barasco, a" —

"Oh, husband," interrupted the good dame, "you should remember that Ninette and Bertrand have grown up from childhood, in the feeling that

they were destined for each other, and that they had your consent till poor Bertrand's father was deceived and robbed by his rascally brother."

"What is all this?" shouted the peasant, in a voice that made the cottage ring — "What is all this! do you dare to dictate to me? am I not the best judge of my own family matters? Hold your tongue, woman, plead not another word for that obstinate wretch there, or I shall send you both to the protection of your favorite and beggar, Bertrand."

The dame made no reply, and Ninette endeavored to restrain her tears; while Henry inwardly resolved she should shed no more on account of the poverty of her lover. "My good friend," said he to the father in a low whisper, "your daughter is in truth so beautiful and virtuous, that I wonder you can deny her aught. If she be as good as she is lovely, she is fitted to adorn a throne."

"Why, as to that," replied the peasant, "I am of your opinion, and between ourselves, I should not like that our Henry should cast his eyes upon her."

"Wherefore, my friend?" asked the king.

"Wherefore? Why, where have you lived to ask me such a simple question? You must be a stranger to the country, much less to the court,

since you have yet to learn that Henry is a devil among the petticoats."

"I am sorry to hear such a character of him, he is a bad fellow, then." Answered the king.

"A bad fellow!" shouted the peasant, "who dares to tell me that he is a bad fellow? Is it you, you shabby rascal, that dares beneath my own roof to call our good king, the father of his people, — God bless him! — a bad fellow? I begin to suspect you are one of the League, and if I were only sure of it, hang me if you should stop another moment in my dwelling, no, nor in this world a moment longer."

"My good friend," replied Henry, "I did not mean to imply that he was a bad fellow, it was simply a remark, and instead of being of the League, I have shed my blood for the king, and would again do so, to the last drop in my veins. Yet you must allow he has got his failings like other people."

"Not one, I tell you," answered the peasant. "Have a care what you say about him; no man shall eat of my bread, nor drink of my cup, nor shelter his head under my roof, that tells me that our good King Henry has a single fault or failing."

"Nay, nay, you are too petulant, my good host," said Henry, smiling. "Surely if he is

fond of the pretty girls, and a married man, that is at least a fault."

"Nothing of the kind," replied the peasant, waxing still warmer, "If there is a fault in the matter it lies all with the girls. They are as partial to him, as he is to them, and if he does frolic a little at night, he makes ample amends in the day by making his people happy. God bless him, again say I, and guard him from his foes. I only wish I had them all as safe as I have you here my fine fellow, curse me if I would'nt shoot every one of them as dead as wolves, and I am a pretty good marksman yet, although years are beginning to crowd upon me."

The heart of Henry was moved at the rough but loyal attachment of the peasant. The evening meal was served and Henry by his frank and open manner fast won upon the affections of his host. In the midst of it, a tall, handsome youth, entered the cottage. At sight of him, the peasant started from his chair, and in a voice of anger cried, "What brings you here?"

"To say farewell to Ninette. It is the last time I shall perhaps ever see her," said the young man in a voice stifling with grief. "To-morrow I quit my native home, never again to behold it."

In a moment Ninette was in his arms, but her feelings overpowering her, she was only prevented

from falling, by her lover pressing her closer to his bosom.

"Hear me," said Bertrand Barasco, for it was he; "Hear me, Gaspard. Will you condemn two loving hearts to despair? Will you doom me to destruction? for assuredly, if I am compelled to relinquish the hand and heart of Ninette, I shall seek death in the field of battle."

"And to save you, from what I consider you are only worthy of, shall I sacrifice the prospects of my only child? Quit my house this moment, or you shall have sorry cause to remember it" — and saying this, Gaspard seized his gun from the wall, but his daughter and Henry arrested his arm, while the wife threw herself before Bertrand. Henry had seen female beauty in the courts and palaces of the land, adorned with all the elegances of civilized life, fashion and refinement, but never till this moment had he beheld pure innocence looking so truly beautiful as in the tear-stained eyes and paly cheeks of the artless Ninette. His soul was touched, and joining his entreaties to those of the young lover, he sought to mitigate Gaspard's rage.

"What you ask would be folly," — replied Gaspard, —"it would be only wedding her to poverty, and I have tasted too deeply of it in my life-

time not to have a just consideration for my daughter's future welfare."

"Let your daughter become the bride of the young man," replied Henry — "I will provide"—

"You provide!" cried the peasant ha! ha! ha! "no, no, indeed, I am not to be duped by the words of a vagrant. Go, Bertrand, like a good lad, anger me no more — perhaps I was somewhat hasty — go, and trouble me no more about the girl, for I solemnly assure you she shall never be your wife."

At this moment the sound of a bugle was heard, the door was burst open and a body of the Royal Guards crowded the cottage, who, simultaneously knelt before the King.

"The Saints be praised," said their leader, "your Majesty is safe"

"I am, indeed, gentlemen," replied Henry, "and but for your assiduity in tracing me out, I was likely to have taken up my lodging in this good man's cottage till the morning. A plague upon the fog and the darkness that parted us." "But how is this, my honest host," added he, turning to the peasant who, with his wife, the lovely Ninette and her lover were now prostrate before him — "Why so alarmed?"

"Pardon, sire, pardon!" ejaculated Gaspard.

"Pardon for what, my worthy subject, for having spoken so warmly and boldly of me?"

"No sire; but for my rude behavior, which arose from my ignorance that I spoke to my sovereign."

"Nay, good Gaspard," replied Henry, "I have nothing to pardon. But will you grant me a favor?" The old man endeavored to reply, but his surprise now deprived him of utterance. Henry saw his emotion and continued, "Will you leave to me the disposal of your pretty daughter's hand?" In saying this he raised the parent from the ground, who in the joyful fulness of his heart passed the hand of the maiden to Henry.

"Approach, Bertrand," said the King. "Receive from your sovereign, the hand of her, you have so truly loved and honorably sought. I know you will duly appreciate so valuable a gift; —your future fortune shall be my especial care."

The happy pair fell upon their knees and spoke their gratitude in streaming eyes and stifled blessings. Old Gaspard was so overjoyed that, in the delirium of the moment, he clasped the King to his weather-beaten bosom. "Ah! ha!" shouted he, "said I not truly, that our good King Henry was the father of his people?"

"My worthy friends," said Henry, "the sweetest delight, the noblest privilege of kings, is to make others happy."

INNOCENCE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

WITHIN thy deep blue sparkling eyes,
Thy soul in tranquil beauty lies;
While o'er thy temples, high and fair,
In braided brightness gleams thy hair,
Thy balm kiss'd lips of blushing hue,
Glow like twin rosebuds bath'd in dew.
And on thy young and sunny face,
Care has not left one shade or trace.

Young angel of this mortal sphere,
May sorrow ne'er thy young heart sere,
Or blighted hope, or early grief,
Of thy sweet blossoms stain one leaf.
But in the morning of thy day,
Softly thy beauties fade away,
As fade the leaflets of the rose,
When chilling skies around them close.

THE ROYAL HERMIT.

THE wide square of St. Marks was thronged with masqueraders, and a mimic day blazed from the torches and lamps which clustered round the pillars and porticoes, revealing the barbaric splendor of the palace, the elaborate ornaments of the architecture, and the tapestry hangings, the rich draperies of silver tissue, and embroidered silks, which were thrown over the balconies; whilst long garlands of flowers and fanciful knots of ribbons floated like pennons from the windows. The golden-winged Lions of St. Mark gleamed as brightly in the midnight radiance, as when they reflected the rays of the meridian sun. The gods of the ancient mythology seemed to have descended from Mount Olympus to share the revels of the denizens of the lower world. The sea had given up its tritons, who with conch and shell, made the air musical. The Gnome and the Guebre, the giant and the fairy, had quitted their secret haunts to give lustre to the carnival. Mortal and immortal, deity and demon, sages and

warriors of every country and every age; Cleopatras more beautiful than she who lost Mark Antony the world; and Lesbian maids, peerless as Sappho crowned, were assembling in one glittering mass. Pageant succeeded to pageant; the muses struck their golden lyres, and chanted a hymn to Apollo, as they moved gracefully before the chariot, wherein their tuneful master sat enthroned. Diana and her buskined nymphs, freshly emerged from green-wood shades and thickets deep, pursued their rapid course with feet which lightly skimmed the earth. A wild troop of Bacchanals, each waving a vine-garlanded thyrsis on high, shouted the praises of the jolly god, as his leopard-drawn car shot madly across the plain; and Orestes haunted by furies, Faust and Mephistopheles, and Don Giovanni surrounded by the fiends, joined a brilliant company of armed knights and ladies fair, Amadis of Gaul, Charlemagne, and the court of King Pepin. The red Arab and the dusky Moor, the swarthy Ethiop and feathered Indian, mingled freely with dainty cavaliers and gorgeous nymphs. Tripping to the merry sound of the castanet, and the tinkling melody of the gay guitar, men and maidens from the banks of the Guadalquiver performed their national bolero, whilst the loud war-whoop of the painted savage, brandishing his fearful tomahawk in close

conjunction, disturbed them not. Belphegor and Lucifer, with their tails twisted over their arms, and their hideous horns erect, trod the sprightly measure with white-robed virgins, the vestal guardians of the sacred fire. Crowned emperors and fettered slaves, rude pirates and gentle ladies, in this universal jubilee, joined hands and hearts. The gibbering ghost, the bright-eyed star, the tumbling scaramouch and stalking skeleton, entered alike into the joyous pleasures of the hour. The gazer's eye was dazzled by the vivid and fantastic spectacle which the Venetian carnival presented; the shout of the maddening populace was mingled with the sound of ten thousand instruments. During a moment's pause a strain of melody came borne upon the breeze to the listening ear; in the next, it was lost to the deafening clang of the hoarse trumpet, and the double drum, the clash of the cymbal, and the roar of the multitude: all was splendor and excitation; the sky seemed one flash of crimson, as the flaming meteors from earth followed each other in quick succession, dimming the eternal stars; whilst the many-colored lamps below flung their bright effulgence upon snowy plumes and roseate wreaths and sparkling gems.

In the centre of this gorgeous festival there were two persons who stood silent and alone.

Unmasked, and leaning against a marble pillar, placed in the only solitary corner of the broad square, a young man, attired in a Turkish habit, disregarding the brilliant scene around him, gazed upon an opposite balcony, where a fair form, shrouded in a white veil, leaned listlessly over the carved rails. The peculiar form of the turban, the style of the dress, and the easiness of the wearer, told the observant stranger that this costume at least was not assumed. From under the muslin folds which encircled his head, beamed a brow of flame; yet the dark flash of his eagle eye was tempered by the melancholy expression of a countenance, whose lineaments the most celebrated Grecian sculptor might have copied in his finest work; the perfect symmetry of his form could not be hidden by the wide trowsers which enveloped it; and the splendor of his descent might be inferred by the rich jewels which glittered in bright profusion on his vest, his turban, and his diamond-hilted scimitar. The lady on whom his ardent gaze was bent, wrapped closely in her shadowy veil, seemed wholly unconscious of his regards, and solely intent upon shutting out the gaudy pantomime from her weary view. At length, to breathe a fresher air, or to inhale the perfume of the buds which canopied the balcony where she stood, she drew aside the mantling gauze. A

light breeze, which now played softly amidst the trembling lights and waving flowers, wafted it gently from her head: the deep blue eyes, the skin of ivory hue, and the golden tresses wantoning over a neck of snow, revealed by the falling drapery, seemed not to be of Italian origin. She cast a languid glance across the square, and encountered the piercing gaze of the turbaned stranger. She started, clung with one hand to the rail for support, and passed the other over her brow — bent hastily forward, looked again, and again, and drawing her veil round her, disappeared. In another moment she made one of the crowd in the square of St. Mark's. Passing eagerly through the idle throng, she turned towards an illuminated portico which led to a ball-room, where the nobles of Venice had assembled for the midnight revel, and entered the festal palace. The Turk was no longer stationary: he followed the steps of the veiled lady, and they who had parted on the banks of the Danube met in the saloons of Venice. With bosoms agitated by the remembrance of the past, isolated and apart from the gay groups, swimming with luxurious movement through the winding mazes of the dance to the voluptuous melody of lutes, or dallying with sportive conversation, or engaged in the soft intercourse of the soul, the Moslem warrior and the

Christian maid sat in a quiet nook, recalling, with tender melancholy, scenes of tumult and of horror, which had made a deep and lasting impression upon both.

Apparently born to act a prominent part on the grand theatre of life, a mind fitted to engage in deeds of high emprize, and thoughts of lofty daring, were stamped in legible characters on the manly countenance of the soldier; but the fair creature who bent like a drooping lily beside him, so fragile, so tender, so delicate, that she scarcely appeared like a daughter of earth, seemed to have been nursed in the lap of affluence and ease, and carefully secured from all contact with the rough tempests, the shocks and conflicts which are this world's inheritance. But it was not so: even this sweet flower had been exposed to the rude breath of the stormy wind, to keen encounters with dire and desperate enemies; and, whilst her outward form retained its surpassing loveliness, her heart was deeply scathed.

Osmyn Mehemmed Ali was the son of the Sultan Achmet, by Chandara, a Georgian princess. From his mother he inherited the beauty which characterized her race and country, and a spirit resolutely bent upon overcoming every difficulty opposed to its high aspirings. He was not the heir to the Ottoman throne; an elder brother,

Ibrahim, claiming that dignity by birth; but Chandara was the favorite of the harem; and though the policy of the Turkish court confined all the males of the royal house to as rigid a seclusion within the palace walls as is allotted by the custom of the country to every female above the lowest rank, the united influence of the mother and son prevailed, and the youthful suppliant was permitted to go forth in search of glory. The terrors of the sword of Osmyn Mehemmed were spread throughout a vast portion of the globe. A conqueror wherever he appeared, he had defeated the troops of Hungary and of Austria upon their own soil, and brought fire and famine into the centre of Ispahan. The rebellious Moors, on the shores of the Mediterranean, had felt the power of his arm, and the wild Arabs of Upper Egypt trembled at his name. With the splendor and the speed of a comet he rushed to battle, and victory crowned him with her greenest laurels. Nor did his prowess alone win for him a name exalted amid nations; skilled in all the learning of the East, the cultivation of his mind shed a brighter lustre over the conquests he achieved. Intrepid and generous, brave and compassionate, mercy followed his triumphal car, nor sued to him in vain. Adored by his soldiers, and respected by his enemies, Osmyn Mehemmed had run a

race of glory worthy of a veteran in arms, ere the fresh bloom of youth had deepened into the fiercer flush of manhood's prime. Ere Belgrade had submitted to his sword, a deadly battle was fought beneath its walls. The imperial eagle fled before the bright crescent, and the banks of the Danube were covered with the corses of the slain. The tumultuous joy of conquest had subsided in Osmyn's breast; he gazed upon the scene before him with tender melancholy, strongly, yet vainly wishing that another path to glory could be chalked out, unstained with human blood, and that he might become a benefactor to neighboring kingdoms rather than a scourge. The victorious soldiers were busily employed in the burial of their dead. Suddenly a female form was seen eagerly advancing over the ensanguined field. She passed, with shuddering horror, the Moslems who lay stretched upon the earth, but bent down with anxious and piercing gaze beside every recumbent Austrian. For a time she fluttered like a bird from corse to corse — but anon her progress was arrested: she stood for the space of a minute motionless — then a wild shriek burst from her lips — another — and another! She was instantly surrounded by a lawless band of Spahis, who essayed to tear her from a prostrate body, to which

she clung with fearful energy. Osmyn flew to the spot: he, too, perceived that life still lingered in the bosom of the disabled warrior. The affliction, even more than the beauty, of the fair creature who had adventured in such a perilous pursuit touched his heart. With assurances of faith and friendship, so candidly and so deeply sworn, that no spirit blessed with kindred rectitude could doubt his given word, he conveyed the weeping daughter and her wounded parent to his tent: the best aid which the Turkish camp could afford was applied to the sufferer, and hope again beamed upon the brow of the lovely Jacqueline.

It was summer; the broad waters of the rolling Danube flowed in front of the spacious area wherein the Turkish legions reposed; the snow-white tents, crowned with the gleaming crescent, glittered in the sun, as they contrasted with the dark forests of pines on the summits above; the towers of Belgrade were seen in the distance; and, seated at her father's couch, with Osmyn by her side, the beautiful Austrian marvelled that she should feel so secure, nay even so happy, in the power of an infidel, who threatened to deluge that fair river with blood, and to crumble the proud walls of the beleagured city to the dust.

As the time approached, destined for an assault on the town, which, in all probability, would

prove final, the Count of Altendorf — so was the prisoner styled — dreading the danger to which his gentle daughter would be exposed should her generous protector fall, and thereby leave her to the mercy of his troops, grew evidently worse. The anguish of his mind was painted on his countenance; and Osmyn, having ascertained that a removal would not be attended with any immediate danger, generously offered to forego the pleasure which he enjoyed in the society of his guests, and conducted them himself in safety to the limits of his own jurisdiction.

Scenes of strife and danger, in which Osmyn became subsequently engaged, did not banish the sweet image of his fair captive from his mind; and, when restored to the haunt of her childhood, far removed from the din of battle and the clash of arms, Jacqueline dwelt fondly on the remembrance of that invincible enemy to her country, who now triumphantly waved the standard of his Prophet over the Christian spires of Belgrade.

The Sultan Achmet, whilst his favorite son was pursuing the full career of his glory, died. Breathless with speed, a favorite slave of the Princess Chandara arrived at the head-quarters of Osmyn's army, then moving towards the Russian frontier. He brought intelligence of high import to the young Prince from his mother. The jeal-

ousy of Ibrahim, one of those monarchs who would not endure a younger brother near the throne, threatened his life; a few hours alone would elapse before the fatal mandate for his execution, or more properly his assassination, would reach the camp; and the crafty and ambitious Georgian conjured him to employ this precious interval in proclaiming himself Sultan; promising to aid an insurrection in Istamboul, by fomenting the discontents which were already visible in the capital, and by bribing the licentious Janazaries who guarded the royal person. But Osmyn, though condemned to die by a brother's voice, would not purchase empire by revolting against him. He promulgated the news of his father's decease in the camp, and eloquently exhorted his troops to preserve their allegiance to his lawful successor. The soldiers with one consent loudly exclaimed, "We will have no Sultan save Osmyn; no King save the conqueror who leads us to victory." The youthful hero thanked his brave comrades for this warm expression of their affection, but solemnly assured them, that rather than plunge his country into civil war, and usurp a crown which of right belonged to another, he would pour out his blood before them with his own sword. Having somewhat succeeded in calming the rebellious spirit, which, however, still manifested itself in mur-

murs, he retired to his tent, secreted his most valuable jewels about his person, and having given the rest of his moveable wealth in charge to a trusty friend, to distribute among his brave companions in arms, he disguised himself, and reaching the coast in safety, sailed to Venice.

In the interim the Count of Altendorf died: his heiress was consigned by his last will to her maternal relations in Italy; and, surrounded by a mercenary and selfish family, who, though her near kindred, were yet strangers in sentiment, Jacqueline languished in the deadly fear of becoming the prey of her cousin Leonardo, who, seeking her wealth, in despite of her expressed aversion was a suitor for her hand.

It was under these circumstances that Osmyn met the fair Austrian at the Venetian Carnival; and, almost forgetting his country and his creed, she flew to him as the only friend upon whom she could rely. It was not wonderful that, thus situated, the gay pageant around should be disregarded, and that Osmyn and Jacqueline, wholly absorbed in each other, should rejoice in the festival, only as the means of affording them a free opportunity for conversation.

Every hour strengthened the tie which bound them together, and one obstacle alone seemed to oppose a legal union between hearts already en-

twined as one — the creed of the Moslem. Jacqueline would have relinquished country, fortune, and relatives, but not to one whose faith she held in detestation; but daring, when the welfare of a soul so dear to her was concerned, she essayed to turn him from those erroneous doctrines in which he had been educated. Osmyn's mother was a Christian; and though in her, religion was merely nominal, her son dutifully held the opinions which she professed in respect. The devoted lover became a convert. Already had they meditated a retreat to some sweet sequestered spot, where competence and ease would bless a life of peaceful obscurity. These anticipations, however, were speedily annihilated by intelligence which arrived from Chandara. The sudden death of Ibrahim called Osmyn to the Ottoman throne. Fired with the zeal of a young proselyte, grand designs came crowding to his heart for the advancement of Christianity in the East; nor in such a cause did the timid Jacqueline fear danger. Young and enthusiastic, both confidently expected the realization of their projects in the promulgation of the true religion throughout the realm which owned their sovereignty; and, with these hopes and determinations, they withdrew from Venice, where their marriage could not have taken place without such publicity as would have

inevitably ruined their prospects. The blessing of a priest sanctioned their union in one of those sweet isles which smile, like fairy gardens, on the Adriatic sea; and full of hope and love, they pursued their blissful voyage to Istamboul.

Hours of rapturous felicity, too exquisite, too bright to last! Sailing upon the Bosphorus, the gorgeous city, with mosque and minaret, tower and dome, rising in the midst of myrtle groves and tufted orange trees, burst upon their admiring eyes. They felt as if destined to bestow the only blessing denied to the happy soil, and their hearts beat high with pious exultation. Chandara, the still beautiful Georgian, rushed into the embrace of her son, but coldly received his fair companion. Osmyn's dream of bliss was disturbed by the painful discovery, that his mother, whom he had fondly hoped would aid him in his endeavors, was unworthy of his confidence. Ibrahim had been murdered, and the guilt of this outrage was fastened on the proud Sultana. The necessity of dissembling his feelings, and of outwardly conforming to a religion which he held in detestation, was irksome to him; yet, aware that it was only by observing the utmost caution that he could ever hope to succeed in his designs, he submitted to many painful duties. Still his evident departure from long established customs

gave offence. Murmurs and whispers of discontent reached the ear of Chandara; she saw her son tottering on a throne which she had secured for him by the commission of a deadly crime. To the influence of Jacqueline she attributed his estrangement from Oriental manners, and her fate was instantly decided.

Inhabiting a superb suite of apartments, where the fervid heat of the climate was cooled by the fresh breeze from the river, admitted through shades kept constantly dripping with rose-water; surrounded by pomp and splendor, and her every wish anticipated, Jacqueline languished and drooped. Imagining that the gushing fragrance of those clustering flowers whose perfume she loved to inhale, might have formed a deleterious atmosphere to one so delicate, the heliotropes, the Persian lilacs and hyacinths, together with all the breathing sweets of blooming myriads, were withdrawn, and scentless blossoms alone permitted to deck her chamber. But the precaution was vain. The resplendent light of day now became too powerful for her weak frame, and a soft twilight was shed, during the blazing hours of meridian heat, through the still open lattices. Osmyn, half distracted by his fears, hung in speechless anguish over the silken couch whereon the pale and wasting form of his beloved reclined. No

entreaties could lure him from the spot; and the stern Chandara, perceiving that the means which she employed worked too slowly for her purpose, increased the deadly draught; and, devoured by an insatiable thirst, the lovely victim eagerly drained the poisoned chalice. Even by the faint uncertain light which rendered every surrounding object dim and indistinct, Osmyn saw the lily fairness of that angelic countenance, which he watched with such fond solicitude, change to a livid hue. Jacqueline lay a corse before him! The frightful truth struck upon his soul; he knew that she was murdered, and by whom. He called vehemently for lights; but, ere the attentive slaves had yielded their prompt obedience, he was stretched in happy oblivion on the floor; and, before he had recovered to a sense of his wretchedness, the lifeless form of Jacqueline was hurried to the grave. Osmyn awoke to fruitless rage, to hopeless misery. Breathing vengeance, he resolved upon the sacrifice of the cruel destroyer of his happiness; but the bitter reflection, that his powerless arm might destroy the living, but could not restore the dead, changed the fierceness of his anger into gloomy despair. Spurning his mother from his presence, he demanded to be left alone. Many hours elapsed ere the chief officers of the household dared to invade his re-

tirement; but when, at length, they burst the door of his chamber, they found it untenanted. Osmyn had resigned the crown — had fled from the throne. No trace of him could be discovered; until, at the expiration of twenty years, on the dead body of a grey-headed hermit, who died in his cell upon Mount Caucasus, was found the signet ring of the Sultan.

T. S.

THE FALL OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

In plenitude of might the monarch look'd upon
The palaces all bright, of gorgeous Babylon;
His heart it waxed great in fullness of his power,
As he fondly deem'd his state, the glory of that hour.

When a voice from heaven burst, in thunder on his ear,
The reveller was curst, — the pallid robe of fear
Was wound around his form, conviction pierc'd his heart,
He saw destruction's storm, he felt Jehovah's dart.

The light of reason fled, from the mighty of the east,
To madness he was wed, — degraded to a beast!
To share the desert's home, to eat the very grass,
Vain King of Babylon, thy dream hath come to pass.

The dawn beheld thee proud, the noon in lustre shone
Without a speck or cloud, around thy gorgeous throne.
Now lonely stands that throne, and its king no more holds sway;
His might has come and gone, in the circle of a day.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF TURRENE.

BY LEWIS HOSMER.

THE celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory, — he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition, he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

Like many others of that period, the father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will

it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly, with ten Louis d'Ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed the whole of their lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candor and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no limits, therefore, to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur

Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty, to endeavor to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier!" said Turenne.

"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman;" rejoined Turrene.

"Never, my friend;" re-added the chevalier.

"It will be a singular union then," said Turrene; "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the

two companions, that they should stop at the same inn. But scarcely had they reached this inn, and were left alone in their chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent and dangerous complaint. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so severe, and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for aid before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death. Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. He was then at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention, that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after their decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir," said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the meantime Turrene, left by himself in a large parlor, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces, which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son-in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled him to return most satisfactory answers. Turrene delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to this interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness of setting you going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and, upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turrene was accordingly conducted to the drawing room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who, after the ceremony of introduction, left the young Chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turrene so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of

her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turrene equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turrene, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprise, obeyed.

Turrene descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant inquired whither he was going? Turrène waved his hand. The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turrene, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the Monastery of the Benedictines, when, suddenly stopping, "My friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Matre, at six o'clock yesterday eve-

ning, and died of the cholic about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave, — suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death. The permission was granted me. The thing is done, and the money safe. I must now return to be buried. This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave. Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turrene disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turrene, as we have said, had disappeared. The merchant called, — no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door, and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the Inn."

"What, the Chevalier is really dead then?" said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he stayed not to ask another question, but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turrene was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George; as has been related.

THE DOVE OF THE DELUGE.

The dove left the ark, o'er the realms of the main
It swept through the war of fire, thunder, and rain;
Or high in the regions of tempest and night,
The snow-plumag'd bird seem'd a planet of light.

By the flash of the lightning, tower, altar and throne,
Were seen by the dove, in wild masses strewn
O'er the face of the deep — yet no sign of the breast,
Of a late living world, gave token of rest.

Then back o'er the bosom of ocean all dark,
Sped the lone pilgrim bird, to its home in the ark;
While the flag of destruction, still, still was unfurl'd
O'er the death-stricken forms of a sin-vanished world!

Once more sped the dove on its desolate flight,
But weary and wan with the hurricane's might
Again it returned, — but an emblem of peace
It bore, which betoken'd the waters decrease.

Oh! bright was that emblem, Oh beauteously bright
In the eye of the master, — Hope's beacon of light!
And he welcom'd with rapture the palm-bearing dove,
The heavenly herald of mercy and love.

Once more the mild bird stretch'd its wing o'er the wave,
The wrath of the heavens and ocean to brave,
When a flash of a sunbeam dissevered the pall
Of the deluging darkness, that hung over all.

And the waters were still'd in the roar of their might,
And the peaks of creation were bursting to sight;
And the fountains of heaven were fetter'd, and far
In the regions of space, died the elements' war.

And the bow of Jehovah in beauty did shine,
In the cloud-rolling temple, a token divine!
And the ark with its inmates of life found a rest,
From the wave-tossing surge, on Ararat's crest.

From the halls of the ark went the beasts of the field,
And the sky-cleaving tribe on their down-pinions wheel'd,
And man at the altar, knelt, own'd and ador'd;
The mercy and might of the all-seeing Lord!

R. H.

MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUILLY.

GILBERT DE MENEVAL was a gentleman, who by prudence and a considerable share of good fortune, had amassed a comfortable independence, which, at his death, he bequeathed to Achille, his only son, a young counsellor of superior personal accomplishments, and of high professional abilities. Unlike most of the young men of the day, he did not mingle among the gay and dissolute society of the salons of Paris, neglecting his business, and laying the foundation of future poverty and sorrow. On the contrary, he was ever to be found the first in the halls of Justice and the last to leave them; yet, notwithstanding his assiduity, he contrived to glean sufficient time for relaxation, and also to share the society of a young and estimable female, Albertine, the daughter of a retired colonel, who returned his attachment with an honorable warmth, and ulti-

mately united her hand and fortune with those of Achille.

After the celebration of the ceremony, and receiving the usual congratulatory visits of their friends and relations, the young couple determined on returning them, a custom sanctioned by ancient usage, and which gives to the ostentatious a pretext to display their wedding finery, and to the envious an opportunity to make spiteful remarks. The intention of Albertine, however, was to choose the best model for the future comfort of her household.

As the family connections were extensive, and in very different circumstances, they determined to make their visits in as unpretending a manner as possible, and also to arrange their dress so as not to appear desirous to rival or eclipse them in any way whatever. Albertine accordingly left her laces and jewels at home, and instead of using her father's carriage, hired a neat plain one, and unattended by any servants, the happy couple thus commenced their route at the accustomed hour of visitation. Albertine, it may be proper to remark, had provided herself with tablets, in which she determined to note down the result of her observations, and thus turn to profit and instruction those visits which are usually made from vanity and ostentation.

Their first call was on the grand uncle of Achille, an old president of the parliament of Paris, who resided at the *Palais Royale.* The old hotel, the aged porter, and the valet who announced them, bending under the weight of his old fashioned livery, together with the screaming of two parrots, and barking of three spaniels, who defended the entrance of the salon, seemed to transport our young couple back to the age of Louis XIV, and into the presence of Scarron and Ninon.

The old magistrate received them in his easy-chair, in a dressing-gown of gray damask, furred shoes and hooded cap; adorned with a double bow of yellow ribbons. His eyes were shaded by a green screen, and he was listening to the reading of a romance of Mademoiselle Scuderi, by his venerable and beloved helpmate. The latter was at least seventy years of age, and dressed like her husband in the fashion of her youth; her dishabille being a quilted yellow satin fly-cap, a black velvet farthingale trimmed with blonde, a small green silk apron, high heeled shoes, court patches on her cheeks, and rouged like a stage duenna.

The lecture was interrupted by the entrance of the visitors who became the objects of a deliberate scrutiny. The unpretending appearance of the

bride pleased the old lady, who was at once prejudiced in her favor by her air and manner; while Achille gained equal favor with his uncle by his judicious commendation of the ancient majesty of the law and his respect for the magistrates of past times. The conversation became lively and animated, and the ancient couple seemed to recall their youthful days in recapitulating tales of love and gallantry. One boasted of his susceptibility and boyish pranks; the other of her numerous conquests; and, giving a circumstantial history of her preference for her dear spouse, concluded by wishing Albertine as long and as uninterruptedly happy as herself.

"How delightful it is," said Albertine, as they left the house, "to find in the midst of their childishness and gothic appearance, such freshness of heart and purity of manners; it reminds one of the good old times of which we read."

"We laugh at these old fashioned good people," said Achille, "but I doubt much if we do not better deserve it."

"At least, I hope, that *we* may live and be every thing to each other at the end of half a century," said his wife, tenderly pressing his hand.

As soon as she was seated in the carriage, she wrote under the head of the first visit, "Half

a century of happiness; — affecting picture; — model to copy."

They drove next to the residence of a second cousin of Albertine, in the Rue St. Louis. He was an administrator-general of the customs, and had been but a short time married to an heiress, who, in defiance of her relations, had preferred him to the most brilliant offers. The carriage entered under a lofty peristyle, and stopped at a vestibule adorned with statues and rich mattings. Two laced footmen showed them to the first floor, where, after they had been kept waiting some time in a vast antechamber, they were ushered into a salon, in which seemed assembled all that luxury and wealth could invent.

At length, after an impatient half hour, the lady of the house entered. She had just risen. An elegant morning robe hung loosely on her form, and her fair hair negligently confined by a comb, fell prettily on her lovely neck, round which was carelessly tied a small cashmere. Her heavy eyes and pallid cheeks announced fatigue and *ennui*. Throwing herself on an ample sofa, she invited her visitors to take a seat near her, while a scarcely perceptible glance and motion of the lips, revealed her opinion of Albertine's attire. "I have been all night at a ball!" said the lady, "and I should have been denied to any but you."

"We regret extremely!" said Achille, "that we have disturbed your repose."

"Repose!" cried the lady, laughing, "on the contrary, I was unable to sleep, I was intolerably restless, and you have no idea how my temples throb, and how nervous I am."

"It is the penalty of your attractions, madam," said Albertine, — "one so sought in the most brilliant circles must inevitably suffer from the consequent fatigue, — but I hope your husband is well."

"Indeed, I do not know, it is above a week since I have seen him."

"He is in the country then?"

"Oh! no, but he spends his mornings at billiards, rides till six, then drives alone, so that unless we meet by chance at the theatre, or in company, we scarcely ever see each other." An involuntary sigh accompanied these words, which did not escape the ear of Albertine. After this, the conversation became uninteresting, and wishing the fair mistress the usual compliments, they took their leave, and once more entered their carriage; Albertine made this addition to her tablets: —

"Not a year of happiness, — anticipated divorce, — most painful picture, — model to avoid."

After many visits in which nothing remarkable

occurred, they directed their course to the Rue Temple, where resided a young counsellor, a college friend and relation of Achille. He had been some time married to a young orphan, whose education he had finished himself. Brought up by rigid and austere parents, her timidity had become so habitual as to seem unconquerable. At the earnest request of her husband, she sometimes ventured into society, but when there, always appeared to disadvantage. Albertine had observed this, and pitied the worthy man, who was so unsuitably matched; and Achille also had often amused himself at his friend's expense, by ridiculing her gawky manners.

Without being detained a moment, they were shewn into the neatest apartment imaginable. From an adjoining room came the sound of a piano, but the strain suddenly ceased, — the door opened, and the timid and embarrassed performer appeared. After saluting cordially but bashfully her visitors, by degrees she became more assured, and performed the honors of her house with a simple elegance and cordiality of heart that astonished and gratified them. They felt ashamed, and reproached themselves for their hasty prejudice.

The young counsellor returned at this moment, from the courts of justice, and joined with his

beloved companion in continuing the conversation. His presence encouraged the timid being who adored him, and she now gave full play to her lively mind and sprightly imagination. She displayed profound knowledge and complete taste, and proved to our newly married couple that the woman who shines in a circle, and aims at universal suffrage, is often less estimable than the timid and quiet being who sits unobserved, and studies to draw instruction from passing incidents, hoarding for her private use the talents others so lavishly scatter among hollow and fashionable assemblies.

This visit made a strong impression on Albertine; she felt that her admiration for the young counsellor's wife was founded on esteem, and as she returned to her carriage she repeated these words, which she transferred to her tablets: —

"Unsuspected merit, — inestimable conversation, — a friend to secure."

The surprise and pleasure which Meneval and his wife had derived from this visit had prolonged it beyond their intention. Time sufficient only permitted them to finish some visits in the same quarter.

"It is just the hour," said Albertine, "to pay our respects to the Baroness de Sylvain, who lives at the corner of the Rue de Vendome, near

the Boulevards." "Do you mean," said Meneval, "that silly Baroness, who fancies herself a wit, and thinks all who approach her are dazzled by her superficial brilliancy?" "Just so," said his wife, "as she passes the greater part of the night in society, she is never visible till this time."

They arrived at the house of the Baroness prepared to hear all the tittle-tattle of the day and a thousand follies uttered. How were they astonished to find her in a most chilling humor. Her dress was neglected and her manners completely altered. It appeared, that deprived of the excitement which surrounded her in society, she had almost lost the encumbrance of it, and tired of the efforts of the former night, she was now reposing herself, that she might reappear with greater effect. Seated in her arm-chair, with a collection of anecdotes and witty sayings in her hand, which she was busy in committing to memory, she received M. and Madame Meneval with reserved dignity: not a smile on her face or an agreeable word in her conversation. She even attempted to talk reason and economy; but in so unnatural a tone, that Albertine, to hide the yawns which she could not suppress, took leave of the Baroness and regained her carriage.

"Such are in general," said Achille, "those women of pretension, those fine talkers, who

utter a thousand silly nothings, which they season with chance quotations. Though pleasing in public, nothing can be more melancholy in private than those wits by profession; for when they are worn out in society, they vent at home, the humor and spleen they feel at being neglected. "Very well," said Albertine, "it is the last time I will expose myself to the caprices of the Baroness;" she wrote in her tablets: —

"Superficial talents, — a piece of parlor furniture, — intolerable intercourse."

They passed on to the Rue St. Appolline, and stopped at the residence of Madame de St. Roman, a young widow, haughty, vain, and a coquette, — as are generally the provincial noblesse. Her whole happiness consisted in following the latest fashions, and she was ever to be seen with a new bonnet, or a new style of costume. "She has always an air," said Albertine, "a toilette which announces opulence, and yet I am informed, on good authority, that her old husband received no fortune with her, and left her at his death but a very moderate income."

"Order and economy," replied Achille, "make a small income go far."

They demanded of the porter of the hotel, which was the apartment of Madame de St. Roman. He answered roughly, "On the fifth floor,

in the back room." "The fifth floor," cried Albertine, gathering up her dress with care, and climbing with her husband a dark and dirty staircase. "The lady appears to be as humble in her lodging as she is elegant in her attire."

They at last arrived at the place, and knocked hesitatingly at a small ash colored door, which was opened by a kind of chamber-maid in the habiliments of a washer-woman. Madame de St. Roman was discovered in a shocking dishabille; her hair turned up under a coarse Madras handkerchief, and before her a gray linen apron! She was assisting to do her week's washing, and was extremely confused at being caught in such a situation. Her humble apartment consisted of a single room and a closet. Her bed was of the commonest wood, and the bed-clothes of the scantiest description. An old chest of drawers, a chiffonnière, and a few old yellow velvet chairs completed the furniture. But there was not wanting a large Psyche glass, that indispensable for the toilette of a coquette. Across the room was extended a line, on which hung a handsome India muslin dress, richly worked, and two linen cambric chemises, trimmed with lace; the latter had just been washed, and which, with the one she had on, formed the whole of her body linen.

The ridicule of the scene was complete, when she drew in haste from the drawers a superb palm-bordered cashmere and threw it over her shoulders, then drawing from the chiffonnière a pink satin bonnet, dexterously substituted it for the old madras. Somewhat reassured by this hasty toilette, she assumed a consequential air and dignified tone, and imagined she made her young visitors very sensitive of her importance, and the distance between her rank and theirs. Albertine, though herself of good birth, and the daughter of a colonel, was not disposed to put herself in competition with the prerogatives of which she seemed so proud, but permitted her compassion for her folly to overcome all other feelings. Achille approved her moderation by a glance, and they retired, convinced that the unhappy woman deprived herself of necessaries, to support in the world the appearance of the first fashion. Albertine, after recovering from her surprise, resolved never to imitate this foolish creature, and thus inscribed her opinion on her tablets:

"Poverty and vanity, — internal privation for external show, dupe of herself."

Achille stopped the carriage at the Rue St. Eustache. "My friend Dastrol lives here," said he, "he is a cavalry officer on half pay, but I have been fortunate enough to obtain for him, as

a reward for his services, an easy employment, which he contrives to make support his infirm mother, his wife and three children. He was a witness to our marriage contract, and we shall pay his family a visit."

"Most willingly," replied Albertine, "and very likely I shall find here some interesting notes to embellish my collection."

The stairs by which they ascended were clean, and well lighted. They rapped at the freshly painted door, in front of which was a neat mat. It was opened by a child of eight or nine years old, who showed them into a small ante-chamber which served as an eating room, and where two young girls were at that moment preparing the dinner. Dastrol himself, at this moment, was entering at another door. At sight of his friend, his countenance brightened into a surprised and pleased expression, while he exclaimed, "My benefactor! and so you have condescended to bring your charming wife to see us: to honor our house with her presence." "Certainly, my dear friend," said Achille, "I believe few more sincerely wish us happiness. Allow me, then, to present you to my Albertine."

"To become also my friend, I hope," said she, "as are all who are my husband's."

"And Madame Dastrol," said Achille, "where is she?"

"Here she is!" answered Madame herself, in her provincial accent, advancing from the kitchen where she had been, in fact, assisting to cook the dinner. An apron much cleaner than that of Madame de St. Roman was tied round her. There was even a degree of taste in the simplicity of her dress, and her manners, without being vulgar, were those of a careful mother of a family. Her fresh and smiling countenance announced a mind at peace, and the consciousness of domestic happiness. After her introduction, she presented to the young bride her two daughters, and the little son who had admitted them. Dastrol addressing his visitors, said, "If you wish to add to the favors you have already conferred, you will consent to dine with us to-day, we are able to offer you a fine carp of the Rhine, which a relation at Strasburg has kindly sent us, and which my good Adele has prepared with her own hands."

"We must decline," said Achille, "for we have many visits yet to make." "But it is now five o'clock, and every body will be at dinner," replied Dastrol, "you may depart as soon after as you please, and you will have rendered a whole family happy."

"It is quite impossible to resist such an invita-

tion," said Albertine, whose husband had consulted her by a glance, "but on the proviso that you make no addition to the carp, which is exactly the dish I prefer to all others."

Madame Dastrol hastened to prepare it, while her children put the chairs round the table. Albertine did not fail to praise the extreme order and consistency of every thing in the apartment. "It is my wish," said Dastrol, "to make our home comfortable, by retrenching our superfluities. We regulate our expenses according to our moderate income, and we continue to find abundance from small means, which is not always found, even in the most opulent families."

As they were thus conversing, the door opened, and the little boy announced the dinner. Dastrol himself rolled to the table the chair of the infirm mother; while the amiable Albertine, who was accustomed to these filial duties, tenderly assisted him. The invalid acknowledged her gratitude by a smile or movement of the head, though her infirmity prevented her from speaking.

The dinner was enlivened by cheerfulness and good humor. The carp was pronounced to be beyond expectation, and formed the principal dish at the table. The time glided so rapidly away, that they were astonished to find eight o'clock had arrived. These few hours made them well

acquainted with each other, and inspired a mutual desire for further friendship, while Albertine declared that she had not been so happy at any of the splendid parties given on occasion of her marriage as at this unceremonious, unconstrained meeting. As it was nearly dark, she hastened to transcribe these words in the very place where she had experienced so much gratification:

"Contented mediocrity preferable to wealth; manners of the golden age, — friends to cherish."

The young couple continued their route until ten o'clock in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the haughtiness of certain parvenus was more obtrusive and insupportable than that of prejudice or birth. Dazzled by the insolent ostentation of some, and wearied by the stupid grandeur of others, they found no where the open urbanity, or the confiding frankness, which dwelt in the person of Dastrol and his wife. They were invited to brilliant entertainments, but the iced sherbet, and the sparkling wines, though served in the richest crystals and vases of silver, were not in their eyes of equal value with the plain table of Dastrol and the Rhine carp. Albertine thought seriously of all this, and in reading over the notes from her tablets, terminated them by these reflections, to which I beg the attention of all young persons who have read thus far.

"Matrimony is a long journey, in which we must expect to find both flowers and thorns, smiling plains and rough precipices. The sky sometimes serene, sometimes stormy. Do not forget, young travellers, that the surest way of enduring the fatigues and avoiding the dangers, is to follow the straight path, and above all without ostentation, thus will you, time-honored and happy, arrive at your journey's end, supporting each other, and blessing your flowery chain.

R. H.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

BY JOHN TILLOTSON.

My own true wife, — meek as the brooding dove, —
How shall I speak thy ever constant love?
When fell disease o'erwhelm'd my soul with dread,
Thy soothing voice could raise my drooping head.
When sunshine friends grew cold at fortune's frown,
And faithless ingrates arrogant had grown,
Thy honest sympathy possess'd the power,
To calm the angry tempest of that hour; —
And what a true and virtuous mate should prove,
Thou wast to me, — my fond, confiding love!

Years have roll'd o'er us, still thou art the same
As when thy youthful beauty urged its claim.
Though sorrow's clouds have sometimes dimm'd our skies,
Serene content still beams from those dear eyes;
The same sweet smile now plays upon thy face,
As when I woo'd thee, in thy maiden grace;
The same fond heart still beats within that breast,
As when a bride, I won thee to my nest.
True we 've been call'd to share affliction's hour,

And seen death pluck the rosebud of our bower, —
The cherish'd darling of our little band,
Borne to the mansions of "the spirit land."
Yet, let us not repine, 't was God's decree,
And to his will we humbly bow the knee;
Strong in our faith we'll wait that happy day,
When from this earth to heaven we soar away,
And in the realms of everlasting light,
Change clouds for sunshine, sorrow for delight!

CONSEQUENCES.

BY FREDERICK WATSON.

NICHOLAS CUILLER, a native of Bourdeaux, was the son of a highly respectable bourgeois, who dying while the hero of our sketch was yet a boy, left him a fortune of twenty thousand livres.

As he was too young to make any decided choice of a profession, his guardian deemed it prudent to apprentice him to Gregoire Vaincre, an eminent cutler. Nicholas, who was anxious rather to improve himself in study, by no means relished the movement, and took occasional opportunities to intimate as much to his master, who always met his complaints with ridicule, affirming that learning was nonsense, because, as he argued, it never brought a man a sou, and was of no use in the world but to make people impertinent. "You are now," said he, one day, "in the high road to preferment and riches, and perhaps, with assiduity and attention, may be of equal value to society and the world, as I am.

My profession, you must observe, Nicholas, is not of a nature to engross all your time, and as idleness is the root of all evil, you may find many opportunities in my family to employ such leisure, and to be perfectly proficient and valuable in a domestic sphere of life. Above all things, you should study to understand *consequences;* indeed, Nicholas, consequences are so necessary in a perfect servant, that you cannot properly discharge your duties without them, and are what every servant should be acquainted with, as they save time, and show a clear understanding. Suppose now, my dear Nicholas, I desire you to bring my shoes, consequently I want my buckles — if I order candles, consequently you must bring me candlesticks and snuffers. In short, every thing necessary, or relative to what I send for or request you to do, falls under the head of consequences; and your own head which can materially save your heels, will make you, ere long, acquainted with this invaluable precept."

Nicholas thanked the old gentleman for his advice, and promised to study, particularly, the observance of consequences, and lay his conversation to heart.

Just at this moment a loud noise was heard below stairs, the screaming of servants, barking of dogs, and a confusion of human voices. Old

Gregoire was on the point of rushing to the scene of clamor, when the room door was burst open, and his maid-servant in a state of indescribable terror, rushed into the apartment, threw herself into a chair, and almost breathless screamed out, "My mistress, my mistress! Oh my poor mistress!" It appeared that Madame Vaincre, while her husband had been absent on some business, had ventured out on a visit to a neighboring gossip, and on her return had been so seriously injured by a stone falling upon her from a building, that she had to be carried home.

Old Vaincre, who, from the maid's behavior, deemed nothing short but that his wife had been brought home a corpse, jumped up in a moment, overset poor Nicholas, and leaped down stairs to learn what horrible disaster had befallen his loving helpmate. He found her seated in a huge arm-chair with her head bound up in a handkerchief of not the most snowy appearance, and discolored with blood, such as might happily be styled, in the words of Smollet, "a flag of abomination." The neighbors who stood around her, thought her to be either dead or dying; they were, however, soon relieved from their suspense by her uttering, "Oh Gregoire! my dear Gregoire!"

Monsieur Vaincre made no other reply, than by shouting at the top of his voice, "Nicholas,

Nicholas, my dear boy, run for Monsieur Droguiste, tell him to come here immediately, your poor dear mistress is dying."

Young Nicholas having so recently lost his own mother, knew well the necessary appendages of a sick person, and ruminating on the late lecture he had received from old Gregoire, respecting the doctrine of *consequences*, he considered that as his poor mistress was sick, she *consequently* would want a nurse; and not having any particular directions, called on his way, on Madame Meurte, the old female who had so lately attended upon his own mother, and requested she would run immediately to Madame Vaincre, who was dying. He then waited upon the apothecary, whom he was lucky enough to find at home. "Oh, Monsieur Droguiste," cried Nicholas, "you must go to my mistress, Madame Vaincre immediately, and carry a surgeon with you, she is on the very eve of death." "I will go first," said the cautious apothecary — "and see if there be any necessity for a surgeon." — "I am certain," — replied Nicholas — "there is the most urgent necessity." "Very well," answered Droguiste, "I will call on my way on Doctor Drugem." Away went Nicholas, and fortunately bethought himself that, as his master said his mistress was dying, it would be necessary that he should call

the priest to confess her, as he had done his mother, and happily finding him on the way requested his immediate presence ; at the same time desiring the sexton would be so good as to wait upon Mr. Sieucure, the undertaker, and order him to come immediately, for he was obliged to make all the haste he could home, for fear that his master should require his services.

Nicholas then directed his steps homewards, rubbing his hands and inwardly applauding his own care and diligence, in the strict observance of his master's orders, respecting consequences.

When Nicholas entered the apartment to make a return of his message, he found his master in conversation with the doctor, the physician, Monsieur Droguiste the apothecary, Madame Meurte, the nurse, Tartufe, the priest, and Sieucure, the undertaker, attended by two of his men, one with a bag of sawdust, and the other with a roll of black baize. All of them were talking in a very excited manner, without any regard to the sick woman who lay in the next room, but old Gregoire's voice was louder than the rest.

"Get out of my house, I tell you, do you imagine that I want to bury the poor woman before she is dead. Why do you bring your sawdust

and trumpery here?" — "Sir," cried the priest, "I protest I heard the lad order the sexton to wait upon Monsieur Sieucure, the undertaker, and desire him to come immediately."— "Sir, it cannot be," rejoined Gregoire, — "Nicholas is too good and simple a lad to practise such an imposition upon me." — "Sir," says Droguiste, "I was ordered to bring Doctor Drugem, who to be sure will expect his fee." When Nicholas made his appearance, "You young dog," says the undertaker,—"You puppy," says the doctor, —"You blockhead," cries the nurse,—"Young gentleman," says the priest. "Sirrah," shouted old Gregoire, "how came you to send all these people to my house, when I only sent you for the apothecary?"

Poor Nicholas was confounded at this reproof.

"Sir," he replied, "I only obeyed your orders." "My orders, sirrah! I sent you for the apothecary." "Yes, sir, you certainly did, and as I went along, I thought upon your directions respecting consequences, and as Madame Vaincre was sick, I thought consequently she would want a nurse, and as I went for the apothecary, I thought, consequently, she would want a doctor; (the physician smiled,) — and as there was occasion for a physician, I thought that my mistress, as well as my mother, would want the undertaker"

—here the doctor looked glum; "and as you told me, sir, that my mistress was dying, I knew that she would want the priest. I did all for the best, sir, remembering you told me, '*always to remember consequences.*'"

REFLECTION.

BY H. ROBERTS.

REFLECTION is that operation of the powers and capacities of the human mind, by which we are enabled to discriminate both in ourselves and others, the leading features and the most prominent outlines of character.

Religion and morality are never stationary. In both, the man of reflection cannot but perceive a progressive or retrograde motion. Individuals and families, nations and empires, increase in happiness in proportion as they increase in the knowledge of virtue. And in proportion as they are unmindful of these, they degenerate and gradually approximate to the brute creation — throw off the man and commence the animal. All history justifies the truth of this observation; and all experience confirms the truth that is thus justified by history.

To the mind of a philanthropist, the consola-

tion arising from a view of religion, morality and society; of men and manners, in the present age, when compared with a similar view in any of the preceding ages, must at once be grateful and pleasing. It must add energy to hope, confidence to exertion, and alacrity to perseverance.

Little indeed does that man deserve of society who will not zealously stretch forth his arm to defend a system, which cannot but diminish the influence of vice, enlarge the boundaries of freedom, contract the circle of licentiousness, give energy to poverty, and firmness to integrity.

Little indeed does he deserve of the blessings of life, who offers not advice, protection and assistance to the injured and oppressed of every description. Separate vice from rationality and man becomes harmless. Impel rationality separated from vice with the energies of virtue and religion, and he becomes eminently useful and estimable. Man is an active being. In a state of rest he finds no enjoyment: in a state of error no satisfaction; in a state of mischievous industry no consolation; in a state of ignorance no expansion of happiness; in a state of superstition no exalted ideas of the excellency of virtue — no sublime conceptions of the perfections of divine love; but in a state of honest and useful exertion, and in a state of moral, of rational, of social and

religious improvement, he finds contentment a constant companion, hope an animating counsellor, confidence a bosom friend, diligence a cheering associate, benevolence an amiable advocate, and happiness a never failing and welcome visiter.

In consequence of the admission of vice into the world, human laws and regulations were necessarily instituted. They act not as stimulants to virtue, but as preventives to vice. They demonstrate how far, how very far man is fallen from virtue; but they operate not as a check to his progress in the paths of duty and excellence. The multiplication of depravities adds to the number of laws; and the numerous refinements of vice combined with the studied improvements of systematical knaveries, have given birth to laws, not requisite in former ages, and have taken from the freedom of men, the liberty of doing mischief with impunity. But as nothing can alter the nature and properties of virtue and vice, so nothing can take from man the privilege of being virtuous and good. Should it be the height of his ambition to make this privilege subservient to the general good, he advances beyond the reach of all human laws, and traverses a path peculiarly blessed and enlightened by the countenance of the Supreme Ruler of the world. Human laws

may apparently impede, but they can never finally counteract those that are divine. As mankind advance in the practice of known duties, they will advance in the knowledge of causes and effects. Reflection will teach them wisdom. It will lead them from ignorance to knowledge, from vice to virtue, from nature to grace, from time to eternity, from earth to heaven. It will show them what has been done — it will impress on their minds what is now doing; and will enable them to anticipate, with no small degree of certainty, what will be the effect of transactions that may be passing before their eyes. It will open to their view the insignificancy of opinion, and the imbecility of knowledge unapplied by reflection, when compared with the importance of principle, and the everlasting existence and unchangeableness of goodness. It will add to the extension of observation and correspondent increase of advantages arising from diligent and just application. It will correct judgment and resolve doubt. It will cure enthusiasm and eradicate licentiousness. It will give to liberty the fullest influence and wisdom; to love the dignified support of rational power, and to disobedience the formidable check of salutary and prompt coercion.

The properties of virtue are instruments of happiness. Application will demonstrate their

utility, and experience their efficacy. Call reflection to your assistance, and wisdom will give animation to hope, and energy to exertion. True wisdom is generated by reflection. In a very salutary degree it is attainable by every one. Ignorance cannot wholly exclude it; poverty can scarcely escape it. Learning may reject it; knowledge may contemn it; nobility may despise it; but pride with all its efforts, can possess but the smallest portion of it. Humility and wisdom unite hand in hand with reflection. These are inseparable companions. Meanness, falsehood and duplicity find no associates here.

Reflection is the nurse of philanthropy; her tears are tears of genuine worth; whether joy or sorrow be the cause for which they flow, they are ever truly valuable; they relieve the heart and ennoble the mind; they offer to vice the sacrifice of regret, and to mercy the increase of gratitude; they are the consolations of repentance, and the first fruits of conversion. Surrounded by the curtain of darkness, they oftentimes flow in private when no eye can behold them, or immersed in the gloom of solitude, furrow the cheeks in silence, when no officious intruder can arrest their progress. It is then that the heart enjoys the present, regrets the past, and by hopes or fears anticipates the future; it is then that the objects of penury

and want, which we may have passed by without the offer of assistance, present themselves to our view, and call forth the sigh of sorrow and compunction, and give birth to the feelings of pity and commiseration. It is then that those we have injured, neglected, or traduced, offer themselves in a thousand varied forms to our consideration; it is then that those we have despised and contemned become formidable and terrific; it is then that those whom, ungenerously and unjustly we have lightly esteemed, shine with a lustre that adds to the blackness of deformity the odium of suspicion; it is then that those to whom we have exhibited tokens of ingratitude, appear decorated in garments transcendently beautiful, and inestimably valuable; it is then that the rudeness of inattention is punished by the upbraidings of sensibility, and the contempt of indifference by the bitterness of recollection; it is then that those on whom we have bestowed the true milk of human kindness, are presented to our view, as petitioning the Giver of blessings to increase in us the power of doing good, and the means of becoming happy; it is then that love appears supremely desirable, drives from the heart every selfish sensation, and gives for the enjoyment of man,,a taste of the happiness desirable from the perfections of his nature; it is then that man feels,

as he ought to feel, superior to himself; it is then that he perceives something in his nature, in his feelings, his conceptions, his hopes, his fears, his resolutions, his capacity, and his expectations, that at once surprise and astonish him; it is then that he is compelled to inquire, what is man, at once unmindful of his dignity and depravity, that a being infinite in power, in wisdom, and in knowledge, should be at all mindful of him? Can powers and capacities calculated for an eternity of improvement, be intended for time only? Shall death be the closing scene of knowledge, of consciousness, and of rational existence? Shall he then forever cease to remember and inquire, to reason and adore. Shall he not rather be endowed with powers of a more comprehensive nature, and a capacity to acquire knowledge of a less doubtful complexion? Shall he not then more easily discern the wisdom of Providence, and trace the footsteps of divinity with redoubled ardor and adoration. Shall he not then disseminate happiness without alloy, acquire wisdom without the appendages of folly, communicate knowledge without error, participate in pleasures unadulterated with frailties, and delights in friendships which fear cannot weaken, space cannot separate, taste divide, mortality destroy, or death annihilate? Shall he not then be qualified to experience and

enjoy in every possible way, and in every varied form, the happiness of communicating pleasure without the probability of disappointment, or the possibility of error? Shall not minds then be as recognizable as persons now are? And shall not those whom he had loved and admired in a present existent state, give added pleasure to his feelings, and varied sensations of delight to his enjoyments? Or will reflection teach us to suppose that the remembrances of time, and the recollections of love, of benevolence and of friendship, of reciprocity of affection, and similarity of sentiments, will be lost in the beatitudes of eternity? Most assuredly it will not. Nothing that can add to happiness will then be forgotten; nothing that can give an increase to pleasure, will then be placed beyond the reach of recollection; nothing that can add to the perfection or to the extent of enjoyment, will then be forbidden or denied. Without a consciousness of what was meritorious, agreeable and lovely, and a known conformity of conduct agreeably to such consciousness, the utility of a pre-existent probationary state, can neither be conceived nor demonstrated. To man, all the plans of wisdom, which we are capable of conceiving or pursuing, are founded in progressive knowledge, purity, piety, and love.

Permit the efforts of reflection to banish one

vice from your heart, and one error from your judgment, and your stock of wisdom and of virtue is instantaneously strengthened and increased. The balance in favor of virtue and of wisdom becomes more strong in proportion as vices and errors in the world become less numerous and less formidable. And every effort that lessens the number of vices and errors in the world, or weakens their influence in ourselves and others, adds to the stock both of wisdom and of virtue, a portion of merit, that time will recognise and posterity appreciate. In the register of eternity will be engraven the nobility of man. Perceiving the degradation of our nature to have originated from an act that we had no power to prevent, our business is to counteract with unceasing assiduity the vices we perceive, and the errors we detect. To ennoble the heart is to enrich the man; to eradicate vice is to annihilate slavery; to correct error is to banish contention, and to establish virtue is to ensure felicity.

Give to reflection the efficacy of application, and to application the merit of perseverance, and you give to man a clue to happiness, and a passport to immortality. Thus will you secure the imagination from the dangers of deception, and fortify the heart against the attractions of temporary frivolities, the contagion of fashionable levi-

ties, and the corruption of acknowledged depravities.

The pleasures and the advantages arising from the proper and faithful application of reflection are valuable and permanent; to the influence, and to the importance of these pleasures and these advantages, every good action gives an additional charm and an additional weight. The good man lives not for himself alone; to heighten and to secure the happiness of mankind is the prevailing wish and the ardent prayer of his heart, and the highest object of his ambition; here the extent of his desires and the summit of his wishes are happily within the limits of his duty, and the circumference of his influence.

Past transactions are lessons of instruction, illustrated by events that, by the operations of the mind, the application of reflection will convert into sources of wisdom, pregnant with blessings of the greatest importance to human happiness. It is here that we behold the follies of those whom the world once thought wise, the errors of those who were considered as infallible, the deficiencies of those to whom former ages had attached the characteristics of perfection, and the wisdom of those whom nations and kingdoms had proclaimed as fools, or considered as insane. In the page of history, the fooleries of life exhibit varied and

numerous traits of mental imbecility. It is here that ambition is stripped of its disguise, and pride of its extreme decorations. Here conceit is deprived of the influence she assumed; and learning, abashed at the knowledge acquired by reflection, ceases to corrupt the taste, or direct the judgment; here superstition vanishes at the investigation of truth, and gives to the inferences of inquiry the rewards of conviction; here reason assumes the power she had lost, and restores to the character and society of men a generation of slaves; here religion wrests from the arm of power the rod of oppression, and opens to the world a system of government influenced by mercy, actuated by love, supported by equity, maintained by justice, and preserved by piety; here feminine weakness is happily superseded by the powers of mental exertion, and the partner and companion of man is gratefully recognised as being in no respect intellectually inferior to himself.

The blush of reflection is the criterion of sensibility, and the acknowledgment of error, of guilt, or of impropriety. And he who in himself finds nothing to suspect or condemn, has innocence for his security, ignorance for his refuge, or vice for his patron.

THE JEW'S HARP.

It was a bright and balmy day in the latter part of September, 1793; after the Scottish husbandmen had gathered in the harvest of a bounteous providence, when according to ancient usage, the yearly fair of Pittenweem in Fifeshire was celebrated. On this occasion the inhabitants for miles round, were wont to assemble, the farmers to dispose of their produce and to hire new servants, the servants "to hire new masters," old friends to exchange the hand and congratulation of welcome — and the younger portion to partake of the pleasures of the time.

Among the happy throng might have been observed a little boy of about seven years of age, who, in company with his sister, his senior, had been permitted by their parents to visit the fair, and with their annual savings, purchase whatever bauble pleased their fancies. From booth to booth, and table to table, the youthful couple wandered,

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gazing with delight, and admiration on the different varieties of wares; and so fascinated were they with the novelty of the scene, that the day had nearly elapsed without their having made a venture of their little fortune. Suddenly the boy's attention was attracted by one of the venders of baubles, displaying his musical acquirements on no less than that most primitive of all instruments, a Jew's harp. Smile not, courteous reader, at the simplicity of the fact, all of us have passed through the happy days of boyhood or girlhood, and perhaps can recall to mind some incident of a like character that at one time delighted our youthful fancy. The boy at once determined upon being its possessor, and tendering his "sum of all," carried off in rapture the inestimable treasure. His sister, with the innate characteristic of her sex, bestowed her little savings on a more brilliant "fairing," that of a gaudy ribbon, and thus delighted, and followed by their dumb favorite, "Collie Wylie," they retraced their steps homeward, happier than the richest lord and lady of the land.

That evening the harp was in high requisition. His youthful companions were no less astonished than its possessor at its mysterious qualities; while honest Saunders McTavish, the hedger and ditcher of the village, a particular favorite with

the juveniles, elevated himself in their respect and good will more than ever, from the wonderful manner in which he caused it "to discourse most eloquent music."

Fifteen years after this event, was seen a masterly likeness of the figure of Saunders, performing as on that evening, on the Jew's harp, with the boy and girl and their canine friend grouped together in the form of an exquisite picture, in the splendid gallery of the Duke of Marlborough. Its painter being no other than that same little boy, now arrived at manhood, the first among British artists, and respected and caressed by the titled and wealthy of the land. The remembrance of that happy eve, after "the fair of Pittenweem," had ever remained bright in the mirror of his memory, and now how admirably he had transferred it to the canvas, the universal accord of the public voice and that of kindred genius bore ample testimony. We will not attempt to enter into a detail of this singularly gifted being, suffice it to say, that after a long life spent in devotion to his art, acquiring a splendid competence, and receiving the honor of knighthood at the hands of his sovereign, his enthusiasm led him to seek for subjects for his pencil in the Eastern world; from whence, on his return to England, he died on shipboard, the first of June, 1844, and

his remains were committed to the deep in the bay of Gibraltar, there to rest till that hour arrives,

> "When louder yet, and yet more dread,
> Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

Reader, the subject of this brief sketch was *Sir David Wilkie, R. A.*

R. H.

THE FAIRY'S BRIDE.

A ROMAUNT.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Bonny young May was her father's flower,
Born and nourish'd in border bower;
A reiver he was, as legends tell,
Who knew how to wield the falchion well;
Fearless he lived in his keep of might;—
Three hundred followers of border fight
His pleasure did, at beck or call,
While their motto was "Conquer, harry, or fall!"
Beadsmen or monk ne'er orison told
Within the towers of those reivers bold;
Their cross was the hilt of their battle blade,
And their aves were few, and seldom said;
Shriving and shrift they never sought,
Nor mass for a brother's soul e'er bought;—
While holy fane and crosier bright,
To them were booty of rich delight.
Yea, grandams tell, that Melrose tower
Once quail'd beneath the reiver's pow'r;

That plate and pelf in wondrous store,
From out the sacristy they bore;
Then shaved the abbot and bound him on
The altar's high and holy throne;
And the cowled monks around him laid
In steeled gyves; — such pranks they played,
That the border wide was in affright,
At Tweedie, the reiver's, fearless might.

And bonny young May, in the greenwood deep,
With the twilight shades fell fast asleep;
Though the dew fell chill, and the night-breeze blew,
And the owlet whoop'd, and the gray bat flew,
And the hill-fox howl'd, and the watch-dog bay'd,
Still bonnie young May in sleep was laid.

All at that silent hour of night, —
When the moon was shedding her holy light
Upon the weary world at rest, —
When even sin seem'd almost bless'd, —
All at that hour in the greenwood deep
The elfin throng a wake did keep,
To choose for their monarch a fitting queen,
From out their troop, of magic sheen.

It was a beauteous spot, below
The branching arms of a gnarled oak,
Where the turf like emerald did glow,
And many a flower in glory woke.

There the daisy's gem and the jasmine white,
And the violet blue, and the lily fair,
And the bonny hare-bell, and the heath-rose bright,
And the sweet peering pink of silver light,
Oped their fragrant bosoms to the air.
Where the gossamer hung his silken frame,
And the butterfly sought the balmy flower;
And the glow-worm trimm'd his lamp of flame,
In the midnight's hush'd and holy hour:
This, this was the palace of renown
Of the Fay who wore the spirit-crown.

His throne was raised on the sunflower's breast,
That oped its petals at that hour,
To obey the Elfin's high behest,—
(So wondrous is a spirit's power;)
The silver shell of the forest snail
Was scoop'd to form that fairy throne;
Its canopy was the tulip pale;
And a thousand flowers of beauty shone
In every part, like the hues all bright
Of the arch of the Iris' changing light.

His robes were of the silken mesh,
That lines the snow-drop's bosom pure,
And fringed with purple, sweet and fresh,
Of the heath-bell's deep and fragrant flower.
Upon his brow was placed the crown,
Form'd of the gold lash of the eye,
Of the oriel's soft and yellow down,
And studded in gorgeous brilliancy

With gems of the sunfly's glist'ning wing ;
His sceptre was the crimson vein,
That through the rowan rose doth fling
Its floods of rich and rosy stain ;
And his foot-stool was a dew-drop bright,
Dropp'd from the milky arch of night.
And the bell of every tiny flower,
Sent forth its chimes on the silent hour,
Telling the king his court did hold
In the greenwood shade, and thither all
Should hasten at their monarch's call.

Some came on the moon's mild mellow rays,
Some on the darts of the night-wind cold,
Some on the flash of the stars tear's rays,
And some on their tiny palfreys bold,
Some on the beetle's shardy horn,
Some on the moth of silver light,
Some on the spider's web were borne,
Through the azure seas of still midnight, —
Till round the throne of the Fay they stood,
A fair and lovely magic flood.

The king rose from his flower-deck'd throne,
And waved around his sceptre light,
Bade the Fay circle to be gone,
Then called to him his herald sprite.
" Blossom," he said, " I feel my power
Curb'd of its might, as human eye,
Unseen by us, were at this hour
Gazing upon our revelry.

Haste thee, my herald, haste and see
If mortal, near our court be prowling;
Hark! from the top of the myrtle tree
The owlet whoops — the fox is howling!
Those sounds would not disturb mine ear,
If form of stranger were not near."

The spirit he sprang on his palfrey fleet —
His reins were the hair of the glow-worm's mane,
And the spurs that begirt his minim feet
Were form'd of the nettle's prickly vein;
And away he rode, round the greenwood vale,
Piercing each nook and thicket through;
When, lo! by the light of the moonbeam pale,
On the velvet turf, all bathed in dew,
The maiden he saw, in sleep profound, —
Closed were the cells of her eye-balls blue,
And her glowing lips were half apart,
Like a rosebud cleft to its rosy heart.

He gazed upon the sleeper fair;
Many a Fay, all rich and rare, —
Many a form, in many a clime
He had view'd — but from the birth of time
Up till that hour, he ne'er had seen
A form so fair as hers, I ween.
He knelt him softly by her side,
His tiny hand in hers he press'd;
He felt the blood's warm purpling tide,
Then pillow'd him on her snowy breast;
He laid his ear to her ruby lips —

He felt the zephyrs of her soul
Come sweetly forth — then nearer drew,
And the silken lashes raised to view
The sunlights of her soul — when, clear,
The monarch's voice fell on his ear.

"Spirit," he cried, "is this thy duty?
Is 't thus my orders are obey'd?
To find thee here, by mortal beauty, —
Yea, in her beauteous bosom laid!
Look to the moon, her horns grow pale,
The stars no more in glory glow;
The hum of the bee, and the plover's wail
Foretell that morn is breaking now.
Spirit! arouse thee from that breast,
And hasten to our elfin throng,
And tell them that my high behest
Is, that their stay they should prolong.
That now they seek my palace fair,
On India's shore, with quickest speed;
Skim, herald, on the wings of air,
O'er ocean, plain — o'er mount and mead."

The tear stood in the herald's eye,
Like dew-drop in the hare-bell blue,
As from the form of bonny May
He sadly turn'd and sigh'd adieu.
He leap'd upon his little steed,
And sped him to the fairy corps,

Told what the monarch had decreed,
And bade them haste with lightning's speed,
To India's golden shore.
Nor sooner said, than, fleet as day,
Each sprite was hast'ning on his way.

The monarch look'd upon the maid,
Thus in her virgin charms array'd;
He seized her hand, her rose-lips press'd,
And bent him o'er her snowy breast.
Then words he spoke, of wondrous power,
Framed in the realms unknown to man,
That fetter the wings of the fleeting hour,
And blessings bring or with'ring ban.
And in a moment by their aid
A car of glory was display'd.

'T was form'd of the rays of rosy light
That streaketh the halls of morning bright;
Its lining the down of the cloudlet's pall
That floats in the heaven's cerulean hall.
The steeds were two golden eagles fleet,
Harness'd from beams of evening star;
Coursers, for fairy monarch, meet
To speed him to Ind's shores afar.
And away they flew o'er vale and lea,
Mountain high, and pathless sea;
Regions of space they left behind,
Swifter than arrows of the mind,
Nor paused until the Indian land
Beneath them its bosom did expand.

Bathed it was, in the moonbeams bright,
Slumb'ring sweet at that silent hour;
Massy dome, and turret light,
Golden mosque and fretted tower,
Seas and rivers, lakes and streams —
All glittering in the silv'ry beams.

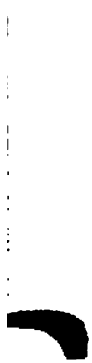
He check'd the course of his eagle pair,
And pointed to a myrtle grove;
Then down they sank with softest care,
As still in slumber lay his love.
He spoke the charm by spirits known,
And away the eagles wing'd their flight, —
While the car was changed to a gorgeous throne,
For the beauteous May and the monarch sprite.
And around the elfin subjects stood,
According to their king's decree,
They had travers'd o'er mountain, — skimm'd o'er
flood
And breasted the foam of the welt'ring sea.

Again the monarch spoke the spell,
Alone by spirits known full well,
And lovely May, with magic speed,
Was 'reft of mortal mould and weed;
And by the king upon the throne,
The Queen of fairy beauty shone.

Loudly acclaim burst from the band,
Loudly a thousand joyous strains
Were flung from harps in elfin hand,
Till echo sent them back again.

Giddy dance, and revel rout,
Frolic, fun, and boisterous glee,
Bridal song, and gladsome shout,
Mark'd the nuptial revelry.

But the glow-worm pal'd his dewy flame,
The blue-eyed morn in glory came;
Mountain and forest, valley and lea,
Were vocal with matin melody.
Then sweetly peal'd each flow'ret's bell,
The chime that breaks the magic spell;
And monarch, queen, and sportive fay
Fled at the orient blush of day.



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